

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LVIII.

No. 3578 February 1, 1913

{ FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXXVI

CONTENTS

I. Sidelights on the Balkan War. <i>By B. Austin.</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	259
II. Joseph Conrad and Sea Fiction. <i>By Stephen Reynolds.</i>	QUARTERLY REVIEW	264
III. Honesty. Chapter VII. <i>By M. E. Francis.</i> (To be continued.)	TIMES	278
IV. At a Journey's End. <i>By Sir Sidney Lee.</i>	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	284
V. Shakespeare's Battle Scenes. <i>By J. E. G. de M.</i>	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	294
VI. Christmas with John Honorius. <i>By His Honor Judge Parry.</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	298
VII. The Patriotic Songs of India. <i>By Mr. Saint Nihal Singh.</i>	HINDUSTAN REVIEW	305
VIII. The Collector. <i>By A. A. M.</i>	PUNCH	309
IX. The Violence of American Trade Unions	NATION	311
X. Substitutes for Talent.	SPECTATOR	313
XI. The Choice of a Doctor. <i>By Filson Young.</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW	315
A PAGE OF VERSE.		
XII. Bound to the Mast. <i>By Francis E. Ledwidge.</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW	258
XIII. Autumn. <i>By Richard Middleton.</i>		258
XIV. "I Am Weary, Let Me Sleep." <i>By Olive Custance.</i>		258
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		317



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

BOUND TO THE MAST

When mildly falls the deluge of the
grass,
And meads begins to rise like Noah's
flood,
And o'er the hedgerows flow, and on-
ward pass
Dribbling thro' many a wood.
When hawthorn trees their flags of
truce unfurl,
And dykes are spitting violets to the
breeze.
When meadow larks their jocund flight
will curl
From Earth's to Heaven's leas.

Ah! then the poet's dreams are most
sublime.

A-sail on seas that know a heavenly
calm.
And in his song you hear the rivers
rhyme
And the first bleat of the lamb.
Then when the summer evenings fall
serene
Unto the country dance his songs
repair,
And you may meet some maids with
angels' mien,
Bright eyes, and twilight hair.

When autumn's crayon tones the green
leaves sere
And breezes honed on icebergs hurry
past.

When meadow-tides have ebbed and
woods grow drear
And bow before the blast.
When briers make semicircles on the
way;

When blackbirds hide their flutes and
cower and die;
When swollen rivers lose themselves
and stray
Beneath a murky sky.

Then doth the poet's voice like cuckoo's
break,

And round his verse the hungry lap-
wing grieves,
And melancholy in his dreary wake
The funeral of the leaves.
Then, when the autumn dies upon the
plain,
Wound in the snow alike his right
and wrong,

The poet sings—albeit a sad strain—
Bound to the mast of Song.

Francis E. Ledwidge
The Saturday Review.

AUTUMN.

When I breathe no more
Scent of love-bound posies,
And the Autumn roses
Let their petals fall,
When in my heart's core
Dream on dream reposes,
And my story closes
Past recall;

Heart, the winds that blow
Lightly o'er my leisure
Haply they shall measure
My glad lifetime here;
Laughing, "Well, we know
Love was all his treasure.
Pain and pride and pleasure,
Hope and fear."

I by death made brave
Shall not heed their blowing,
Though the flowers are glowing
That I praised above;
Holding in my grave
Seed too fair for sowing,
Knowledge past all knowing
Thee, my love.

Richard Middleton.

"I AM WEARY, LET ME SLEEP"

I am weary, let me sleep
In some great embroidered bed,
With soft pillows for my head.
I am weary, let me sleep . . .
Petals of sweet roses shed
All around a perfumed heap
White as pearls, and ruby red;
Curtains closely drawn to keep
Wings of darkness o'er me spread . . .
I am weary, let me sleep
In some great embroidered bed.
Let me dream that I am dead.
Nevermore to wake and weep
In the future that I dread . . .
For the ways of life are steep . . .
I am weary, let me sleep . . .

Oliver Cushman.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE BALKAN WAR.

Over five centuries ago, or, to be precise, on June 15, 1389, there raged on an ill-omened plain, not unfittingly named "The Field of Crows," a battle which was to shatter Slavonic aspirations and seal the fate of the Balkan Peninsula for many years to come. On the one side was ranged the Turkish host, under the Sultan Murad and Bayazid the Thunderbolt; on the other stood the allies, Bulgars still nursing the memory of their empire founded by the Tsars Krum and Simeon, hardy mountaineers from Crna Gora and all the flower of Servian chivalry under Tsar Lazar and Vouk Brankovitch, his brother-in-law. The issue of that battle, in which *the multitude of lances and other horsemen's staves shadowed the light of the sun*, hung long in doubt until towards evening Vouk Brankovitch crossed over to the Turks with 12,000 men. By nightfall Tsar and Sultan were both dead. The scattered remnants of the allies were seeking refuge and the Balkan Peninsulas was incorporated into the Turkish Empire.

"How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished"—with these words ends the finest tribute made by a poet to a defeated race, and, just as the disaster of Mt. Gilboa inspired David to that magnificent lament, so the memory of Kossovo has been the theme of all the finest Servian folk-songs ever since:

There resteth to Servia a glory,
A glory that shall not grow old;
There remaineth to Servia a story,
A tale to be chanted and told!
They are gone to their graves grim and
gory.

The beautiful, brave and bold;
But out of the darkness and desolation
Of the mourning heart of a widow'd
nation,

Their memory waketh an exultation—
Yea, so long as a babe shall be born,

Or there resteth a man in the land;
So long as a blade of corn
Shall be reapt by a human hand,
So long as the grass shall grow
On the stricken plain of Kossovo.

To one unacquainted with the romanticism that is so engrained in the Slavonic character, it must seem incredible that the memories of that bygone battle should form part and parcel of a twentieth-century existence. But in the Balkans, more than in any other part of Europe, appeal is regularly made to the rights and privileges of a past age, as if a thousand years were but as yesterday. And so even to-day, when some blind beggar starts the mournful ballad, the loyal Servian peasant will spit on the floor when the singer comes to the passage which describes Vouk's treachery¹; and to-day on the scarlet caps of the Montenegrins can be seen the five black rings marking the five centuries which have rolled by since the greater part of the Serb race passed under the Ottoman yoke.

The spontaneous enthusiasm which manifested itself from one end of Servia to another, when the order for general mobilization was promulgated, can easily be understood when we remember how each son of Servia has hugged this bitter-sweet tradition to his soul since earliest days. Bitter-sweet indeed, for the plaintive lines are not merely a record of a people's downfall; they are an earnest of better things to come, a prophecy of ultimate victory—at least, that is how the Servian reads between the words

Their memory waketh an exultation.

And when the armies advanced on Oc-

¹ The tale of the battle and of Vouk's treachery is told by two ravens.

Two ravens came from Kossovo . . .
One after one they perched upon
The palace of the great Lazon . . .
One 'gan croak and one 'gan call.

tober 17, it was as armies who knew that they had been destined to revive the ancient glories of their empires.

It needed no stilted verbose proclamation to rouse their blood. King Ferdinand's cold and calculated appeal to religious sentiment was not only undignified but superfluous. To every soldier, whether Servian or Bulgarian, it was a natural war, just as a tussle with the Spaniard was as natural to the Englishman of Drake's period as going to bed. The few foreigners who were privileged to see the men concentrate as units before proceeding to divisional headquarters, have witnessed a national call to arms which it would be hard to parallel elsewhere in Europe. From the Shipka Pass with the golden domes of its monastery in memory of the Russian dead, along the rich Tundja valley, studded with acre upon acre of rose bushes that yield the priceless attar, on the high Sofia plateau encircled with its crimson-brown mountains, over the undulating downs of Servia to where, enshrined on its triple peak, Belgrade looks out across the Danube and the Sava to her Hungarian foes. There was a ceaseless stream of peasants plodding in towards their enlistment centres. It was not the mobilization of a modern army, but rather the gathering of an impl, or the assembling of a mighty host to "go up against the enemy and smite them."

Garments of all shapes and colors passed before one's eyes, sheepskins fancifully worked in red and blue and black, baggy trousers with braided seams and pockets, stockings of the most startling hue, caps white and black and brown, conical, round and fitting closely to the skull. Women wearing the short national petticoat trimmed daintily with red, carried their lord and master's food, or drove some patient ox or wiry Balkan pony that had been requisitioned for the war.

Only a few aged crones were left in each village to till the fields. There was a general exodus from the villages.

The trains, as they came into the main centres, provided an equally amazing spectacle. It seemed as if even the engines were imbued with a spirit of patriotism and were able to drag a double load. One saw them harnessed to some fifty trucks, groaning, panting, wheezing but yet slowly and surely getting their monstrous burden to its appointed spot. And what a burden! Exactly how many men contrived to cling on or inside each wagon will never be known. Each truck was labelled as capable of holding forty men, but there must have been at least double that number inside; they were packed so tight that one would have thought that if a man had breathed he would have broken his neighbor's ribs. Another dozen or more were perched on the roof; four or five spent an acrobatic time on the buffers and couplings; a few existed precariously on the footboard; and doubtless there were a couple ensconced snugly in the sanctuary dear to the American "hobo."

But this enthusiasm had its unpleasant side—for those at least who could not understand why the Balkan States existed. The arrival of each passenger train at a station was the signal for a vigorous invasion. Placid foreigners, mainly of Teutonic origin, who had paid a large sum for a *wagon-lit*, perspired and gesticulated freely when seven or eight burly reservists, whose last meal had been flavored mainly with garlic, intruded upon their tranquil repose, beamed a cheery welcome and then lovingly fondled an antique rifle which might have done service with a Volvode in the War of Independence, or passed round a bayonet three feet in length.

There could be no doubt of the genuine character of the nation's feeling.

It was a national not a financier's or a politician's war. Merchants left their offices in the City, their clubs in Pall Mall or Piccadilly, their stores in a dozen different Western States—and no one knows what years of work and struggle that store cost to erect—and looked forward eagerly to the feel of some unpaved miry village street, to the reek of a tumbledown khan—across the frontier.

Yet, strangely enough, in the very magnificence and spontaneity of this feeling lies the danger. It is not a politician's war, as has been said; but the politicians for their own ends have fanned the ever-smoldering spark into a blaze, and it will rest with them to put the blaze out. For the moment they must feel much like the wretched man who, the proud possessor of a magic ring, had loosed the genii imprisoned by the spell, and then found that he had forgotten the word by which the genii was laid to rest. Before the opening of the campaign the Balkan politicians had solemnly announced, for the benefit of the Great Powers, who formed the gallery, that there was no question of territorial aggrandizement whatever in the war between the allies and the Ottoman Empire. This disinterested view, however, was not shared by a single private in the Servian and Bulgarian armies. The rank and file were for the moment supremely happy. They were on the eve of paying off old scores with an hereditary enemy; they were serenely confident of victory and they were under no illusions as to what would be the tangible result of the war—the revival of the empires created, in the case of the Bulgarians, by Krum and Simeon; in that of Servia, by Stefan Dushan.

Fortune in some ways has seen fit to favor these politicians. Inasmuch as the crushing victories gained by the allies renders a return to the *status quo*

impossible. Hence Servia will be rewarded with an ample increase of territory, but it is doubtful whether it will satisfy the demands and appetite of the new imperialists, who can be found in every café. It is not for nothing that on the first day of the war the country was flooded with maps giving the boundaries of Dushan's Empire, and that in every shop, men, women, and children can be seen poring over the war maps—in which the flags are always placed incorrectly—and watching how the tide of conquest creeps on and on until it is nearing the limits that mark the furthest point of Servian domination.

It is the firm belief of every Servian to-day that an era of prosperity has dawned upon the country, and that in a few years the once-despised state will have won its place in the Concert of Europe. The Sandjak, Old Kossovo, Salouika, Durazzo and San Giovanni on the Adriatic will be under the Servian flag; and within two years Servia and Herzegovina will be incorporated within a grand Servian Empire.

To the sober student of foreign affairs, such an idea must seem the vapors of a megalomaniac, but unfortunately such a belief does not take into consideration the Servian character. In many respects the Servian is more Slav than the Russian. In the Servian the hysterical exaltation so often found in the Slavonic character is greatly exaggerated, while the stolid patience and endurance of the Russian is lacking. The psychology of the Serb has made him a willing and pliable tool in the hands of the Russian Government, which has never relinquished its ambitions of a Pan-Slavonic Empire. The Pan-Slavists have always used Servia as an advance-guard, and now that they find Servia predisposed for a campaign, which will have for its object the detachment of Bosnia and Herzegovina from the Dual Monarchy, there

is every possibility of their supporting such a project by every means in their power.

The sinister rôle played by Russia in Servian history can never be overlooked, but so fantastic, so bizarre are the details, that one seems to be reading the incredible figment of a novelist's brain rather than the historical account of events in the nineteenth and twentieth century history of a European State. A continual war, all the more bitter and dangerous, because it has to be waged in secret, is going on between Austria and Russia. The victor will gain paramount influence. In the course of this struggle Holy Russia has never hesitated to employ the traitor or the assassin. It was owing to Russian influence that Milosh Obrenovitch, who had won autonomy for Serbia by the sword, was driven into exile; Russian agents were responsible for the murder of Michael Obrenovitch in the Deerpark; Russia instigated two attempts on Milan, and prompted his mistress, a Russian spy, to urge him on in his desire of abdication. Holy Russia, again, encouraged the ill-fated Alexander in his passion for Draga, while the Russian Minister was cognizant of the military conspiracy which culminated in the bloody tragedy of June 10, 1903. Such were the methods employed by Pan-Slavism to annihilate the Obrenovitch dynasty, which had always shown a tendency to coquet with Austria.

With such an historical precedent can one say definitely that Russia would not egg on Serbia to any project, should it suit her scheme? The annals of Serbia are too full of the bizarre and the seemingly impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule on ordinary premisses. In no other European country would the prophecies² of a clairvoyant peasant be carefully

² Reference is here made to the prophecies of the peasant Meta of Kremna, whose visions were tabulated by the Prefect of Ujitz. Meta

included in secret State Papers; would a foreign government, remembering that the ruling dynasty had been unlucky in its amours, encourage the king's passion for a well-known woman from the people; or would the representative of that government watch from the windows of his Legation, until the bodies of the King and Queen had been hurled into the garden by the regicides?

He would be a bold man indeed who would declare that the success of the allies points to a final decision of the Near Eastern question. On the contrary, it would surprise few of the people who can read between the lines to-day if there were not at least two wars, owing their origin to the present struggle, within three years of the conclusion of peace.

Any determination of Serbia to hold the Sandjak or to seize Salonika must infallibly bring her into collision with Austria. A Servian Sandjak would be the first step towards the incorporation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; it would mean the creation of one vast continuous block of Slavonic nationalities pressing against Austria from the south. If Austria allows that, she is playing into her enemies' hands, and adjusting the noose round her own neck. Her mobilization of two army corps near Sarajevo proves that she is fully alive to the danger, while the fact that from Semlin she could destroy Belgrade within two hours should convince Serbia of the futility of pitting itself against a Great Power. Such considerations, however, will have little weight as long as the officers are convinced that they are in charge of an irresistible army and that the mass of not only in 1888 foretold the advent of the telephone, but he had a clairvoyant vision of Michael Obrenovitch's murder, he prophesied the main details of Milan's and of Alexander's reigns, Peter Karageorgovitch's succession, his disappearance, the occupation of Serbia by a foreign army and the rise of a hero, who was in some way connected with the Obrenovitch dynasty, as if an oak tree which had been felled had thrown out a shoot close by.

Holy invincible Russia is behind them.

The second danger lies in the east. To many it may seem rash at the very moment while they are united in a successful and victorious alliance, when they have amicably agreed upon the division of the spoils, to predict that before much water will have flowed beneath the bridges Serbia will be at war with her friend and ally. Even now, signs and indications are not wanting. With the defeat of the Turk has disappeared the one common feeling that linked these ill-assorted allies—fear of a common enemy. Save between Serb and Montenegrin—and the latter has all the contempt for his Slav cousin that a freeborn highlander can nourish for his lowland neighbor who has submitted tamely for many centuries to a foreign yoke—there is no racial or national bond.

The Bulgarian has not forgotten that he brought Serbia to her knees in the fortnight's campaign of November 1885; that the Servian infantry after the first or second day's fighting retreated in panic as soon as they heard the strains of the "Shumi Maritza," the Bulgarian war march, and that it was only the intervention of Austria which prevented the raw peasant levies of Bulgaria entering Belgrade in triumph. The whole history of the comitadjis in Macedonia has shown that the Bulgarian, who is not a natural Slav but a Slavicized Aryan, is the most robust and virile race in the Peninsula to-day, and since the success of this campaign has awakened the slumbering ambitions in both Serb and Bulgar of a revival of their ancient empires, it is obvious that there is not room for both to be realized. As to which will go to the wall, there can be little doubt. If Serbia is allowed to take possession of what was known as the Kossovo vilayet or Old Serbia, she may find out that there is some truth in the old Greek proverb, "The gifts of enemies

are no gifts." The number of Arnauts, or Albanian Moslems, in that region is given by reliable authorities as 200,000 as compared with 60,000 orthodox Serbs. These Arnauts have, even under Turkish rule, always nourished a healthy distaste for tax-paying or any such civilized amenities. Under the Servian domination, there will be the additional stimulus of religious hatred, and since the Servians, regrettably enough, throughout the campaign, have adopted the old Spanish method of colonization and have preferred annihilation to reconciliation, it is obvious that they will be confronted with a bitter guerilla war in the inhospitable mountains of Macedonia for many a long month. Numerically and financially they are quite unequal to such a drain upon their resources; and by prosecuting such a campaign they are playing into Bulgaria's hands.

It is easy enough to divide up into three or four parts a wedge of territory which for the moment belongs to a mutual enemy; but once that enemy has been obliged to relinquish his grasp of that land, the old partners will find that each is casting a suspicious glance on his neighbor's share. Europe has already been vouchsafed a sinister lesson over the anticipatory division of Macedonia. By the Mürzsteg programme it was understood that Macedonia should be split up into spheres of interest. At once the various races interested in this division organized hands who set about extending their respective zones of interest by a gospel of terrorism and forcible proselytism. Whole villages changed their religion and their nationality every day of the week.

It is not unlikely that Europe will shortly witness a similar phenomenon. By skilful diplomacy Serbia has obtained in the anticipatory division a larger share of the spoils than is warranted by her racial pretensions or by

her military assistance. Bulgaria has not forgotten this diplomatic victory, and has no intention of waiving her ambition.

An Oriental fable relates that a lion once engaged a fox, a hyena and a jackal to hunt down a fat stag. The three animals did so and brought the carcass to the lion, who at once cut it in four sections. The lion said, "Four of us have agreed to kill this stag, and

The Cornhill Magazine.

before us are four portions of the spoil. The first bit I will take as being the senior partner in the alliance; the second I will take as I gave you the idea; the third I will take as being the strongest; and if you want to fight for the fourth, I'm ready to take you on."

The philosopher who wrote that fable must have foreseen the Balkan Confederation.

B. Austin.

JOSEPH CONRAD AND SEA FICTION.*

In families which possess what is called a strong family feeling, when Miss Jones has married young Brown, and indisputably is Mrs. Brown, she still remains in the Browns' eyes a Jones. Let her fail to toe the Brown family line, let her show in any way a mind or will of her own, and instantly we are reminded: "Ah, but she's a Jones, you know—a regular Jones! That's just like the Joneses." She is never admitted to be a real Brown until, poor thing, she is dead and buried in the Brown family vault. Yet she lives with the Browns; she adopts their life and interests; she bears children who are Browns; her blood, in the next generation, is Brown blood; and for all essential purposes she is a Brown. From the point of view of the future, she is more a Brown than the Browns who die without issue. At times she may even dare to be her own self; and then it is, curiously enough, that the Browns are most apt to dub her a Jones.

Quite on all fours with the Browns' attitude towards young Mrs. Brown, born Jones, is the line of criticism which seizes on Joseph Conrad's foreign birth, and proceeds, on that ground, to account for the outstanding qualities of his work. Grant that he is of Polish parentage, not unliterary nor unacquainted with English, for his father translated a good deal of Shakespeare into the Polish language. Grant that his early recollections are of the wide Black Lands, of Russian domination, and of exile; hence, no doubt, his bitterly ironic treatment of Russia, her revolutionaries as well as her bureaucrats, and of political police in general. Grant that he thinks in two or three languages, as who does not after living in two or three countries? Grant that he has never mastered the pronunciation of English, though he has mastered its resources and its idiom and has even written wonderful new tunes for the old fiddle. By all those facts of origin his work is of course tinged, but it is not thereby accounted for or explained. It is not Polish work, laboriously done in English. A much better, though still not an adequate explanation of it might be found in Conrad's seamanship. Behind his psychological windings and

* Works by Joseph Conrad. "Almayer's Folly" (1895), "An Outcast of the Islands" (1896), "Tales of Unrest" (1898); Flasher Unwin. "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" (1897), "Typhoon and other Stories" (1903); Heinemann. "Lord Jim" (1900) "Youth and other stories" (1902); Blackwood. "Nostromo" (1904); Harper. "The Mirror of the Sea" (1906), "The Secret Agent" (1907), "A Set of Six" (1911), "Under Western Eyes" (1911); Methuen. "Some Reminiscences" (1913); Nash.

subtleties, behind his brooding impressionism and keen realism, one comes almost always upon the strong working ideal that belongs to British seafaring tradition. When he judges his characters, that is his final test—the seaman's. All his heroic men are seamen or connected with the sea; his landmen he is apt to treat with a sailor's curiosity and a sailor's slight contempt, as if they may be good or bad, just as happens, but in any case are not seamen.

A Pole by birth, a naturalized Englishman, an author, and various other things, Conrad is most of all and at heart a seaman, a master mariner, of the British Merchant Service. And not unnaturally so. The Merchant Service had him young. At sea in his teens, first of all in French vessels, but soon afterwards in English, he worked his way from the fore-castle to his master's ticket and command of his ship. After "Almayer's Folly" had been welcomed by critics as something new in fiction, it was still touch-and-go—a matter of coming to terms over the purchase of a ship—as to whether he would not return to the sea, taking his wife with him in the old sailing-ship fashion, when skippers with their families went to sea to live on it. In English ships he learnt the spoken language; in English ships he learnt life; and in them he stayed till his outlook became what it is. As a creative artist, it is to England that he has borne works of art. In some respects, indeed, and notably in his vivid expression of characteristically English sentiments, he is almost more English than Englishmen. In "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" there occurs a splendid description of the ship's run up-Channel before a hard sou'wester:

"At night the headlands retreated, the bays advanced into one unbroken line of gloom. The lights of the earth

mingled with the lights of heaven; and above the tossing lanterns of a trawling fleet a great lighthouse shone steadily, such as an enormous riding light burning above a vessel of fabulous dimensions. Below its steady glow, the coast, stretching away straight and black, resembled the high side of an indestructible craft riding motionless upon the immortal and un-resting sea. The dark land lay alone in the midst of the waters, like a mighty ship bestarred with vigilant lights—a ship carrying the burden of millions of lives—a ship freighted with dross and with jewels, with gold and with steel. She towered up immense and strong, guarding priceless traditions and untold suffering, sheltering glorious memories and base forgetfulness, ignoble virtues and splendid transgressions. A great ship! For ages had the ocean battered in vain her enduring sides; she was there when the world was vaster and darker, when the sea was great and mysterious, and ready to surrender the prize of fame to audacious men. A ship mother of fleets and nations! The great flagship of the race; stronger than the storms, and anchored in the open sea" (p. 242).

Such a description cannot be vamped up or written to order, as an exercise of the literary imagination. Its patriotism is not the dubious thing which too often goes by that name; nor is it lip-service or cant, but sheer love of a country for its own imperfect and homely and glorious self—a love existing deep down in numberless hearts, yet never spoken better than in that passage where Conrad, with unerring instinct, has expressed it in terms of the pride and affection that a seaman feels for his ship, be she clipper, or ocean greyhound, or a water-thumping old tub. I can call to mind nothing in English like it, except the two up-Channel verses of "Spanish Ladies," a song moulded into its present form by generations of sailors who have known what it is to long for England.¹

¹ In "Sea Songs and Ballads," Selected by Christopher Stone (Clarendon Press, 1906), there is an excellent version, p. 181.

"Then we hove our ship to, with the
wind at sou'west, boys,
We hove our ship to, for to strike
soundings clear;
We got soundings in ninety-five
fathoms, and boldly
Up the channel of old England our
course we did steer.

"The first land we made it was called
the Deadman,
Next, Ram Head off Plymouth, Start,
Portland, and Wight,
We passed by Beachy, by Fairleigh
and Dungeness,
And hove our ship to off the South
Foreland light."

It hurries one's blood, the prose passage, and rouses one's more intimate, almost physical, love of England, just as those verses will do towards the end of a seamen's sing-song. And, if it be objected that the comparison is hardly to Conrad's credit, is it a small thing to do in prose what beer, tobacco, song, and good company will not invariably achieve? On the contrary, it is a great feat of writing. It would be a great feat of being English, of expressing the national spirit, even on the part of an Englishman born.

* But the genius of Conrad is not, after all, very derivative. It is individual and isolated, rather than the result of antecedent tendencies come to a head in him. In the biological sense, he is a sport, that is to say, a sudden and definite variation from type, the starting-point of a new species. He cannot be placed, or submerged, after the manner dear to professors of literature, in some literary or artistic mainstream. Of the two originalities—that which arises from being in the forefront, ahead of other people but in their line of progress, and that which stands on one side, viewing life from a different angle—Conrad's is distinctly the latter; an originality in kind rather than in degree. His only literary school is the one which he himself may, or may not, found.

For that reason, his seafaring novels are bound to take precedence of the rest, whatever their relative merits. "Under Western Eyes," "The Secret Agent," and such short stories as "The Return" and "The Duel," master-pieces in their way, might have been published and have had their day without materially altering the course of subsequent fiction by other writers. Like "Nostromo," in which the whole sea-board scene of the story was invented, they are *tours de force* of Conrad's imagination. But his seafaring novels are heavily charged with his own experience; and experience does tell, even in fiction. The Parnassian gods, they too are just; it is out of his own life that a writer creates works of enduring power, of compelling force. It is life gone out of him; it had to be in him first; it had to be lived before it was written. In Conrad, the seaman and the novelist are one. The older type of sea-novel, at its best, was essentially an adventure. Conrad's is a record of life lived, with the romance of the life as it is. There is much the same difference between them as between going to sea for pleasure—hardish pleasure, perhaps, but pleasure none the less—and going to sea for a living. Conrad has been able to change the sea-novel because in the first place he has lived it; and he did not cease to be a seaman when he became a writer. He has given the novel a reality it lacked; he has, if one may put it so, taken it to sea.

Hitherto, the sea-novel had lagged behind the land-novel in actuality and conviction. It had been, as a rule, either a book of adventures or travel with a plot rammed into it, or else in all its essentials a land-novel simply transferred to a ship and maritime scenery. It had depended over-much on the wonders of the deep, on the strangeness, to landsmen, of sea-life. It provided a spectacle entertaining

enough, but it did not bite home. One remembers with amusement the efforts which were made to obtain the customary love interest—the captain's family, the elderly passenger with the lovely daughter, the sweet and pitiful maiden voyaging alone, the seaman superior to his station, the maintenance of drawing-room etiquette on desert islands. And when the superior seaman married the lovely maiden and her money, he promptly left the sea to live happy ever after on shore. It was not that the old sea-novel did not contain fine descriptive passages; it did; yet in the midst of its extraordinary happenings afloat there were seamen to whom the sea-life was normal, and continued to be so; men to whom that particular voyage was much like any other, except that the second mate "married that smart little piece and left the ship—left the sea and went to live on shore, so they say, lucky devil!" What, then, of those seamen? They had their point of view, which was assuredly not that of the novelist or his readers.

Seamen, like schoolboys, live a double life. They have their shore-going and seafaring frames of mind, widely different and not so much a matter of common experience as term-time and holidays. And they have, in addition, that general frame of mind, compounded of the two, which differentiates them from landmen. Most deep-sea sailors will put off finding a new ship till all their money is spent and they are in debt to the lodging-house keeper, although, as often as not, they will admit that they would be better and happier afloat. Among fishermen who are much on land one can watch the transitions at work. They often seem strangely slow in getting to sea after a rough spell, although they have been wishing for nothing so much as the chance of going. They will miss the first fine night with the

feeblest of excuses for staying ashore, especially if they have no reason to expect a biggish catch. They hang back for someone else to make a start. In consequence, the onlooker is apt to think them lazy, or not so needy as they pretend. A little experience puts one right. During a bout of fishing, the various anxieties, the heavy work, the lack of sleep, the hardships amounting to positive pain, are all in the day's or the night's work. They are taken as they come; they seem normal. But after a spell ashore, with proper meals and warm beds, the mere idea of a night at sea gives one the shivers. It seems incredible that anyone could be such a fool as to go fishing. Therefore, as fishermen say, "Tis hard to make a start. 'Tis getting a fellow's self in the mind towards it, that's the trouble." And that, in fact, is where the difficulty does lie—in making the first plunge, after which one warms surprisingly to the work; in making the mental transition from one frame of mind to the other.

If it is difficult for men to make such transitions for themselves, how much more difficult must it be for a novelist to make the transition for them! Nevertheless it has to be done, by imagination or sympathy or intuition, acting on a basis of experience, if the novel is to possess any degree of authenticity, if it is to be something more than a mere spectacle, if the characters are to have personalities. If their acts and words are to be the outcome of their whole selves, if, in Bergson's happy phrase, they are to be brought into their own presences. The power to do it is probably the major part, or at any rate a *sine qua non*, of creative genius. It may be noted, too, that in proper sea-novels the creative genius of the writer is bound to be severely tried, first because sea-life is so different from life ashore that the amount of experience required to deal with it

must necessarily be great; and secondly because, for the same reason, its frames of mind, its mental atmosphere, are also widely different.

It may seem that these are small matters swollen to a great length. Certainly they are very elusive. The difference between a living being and a dead body may be to all appearances small enough, except that in the one case life, the elusive, is not there, and never will be. A like difference exists between novels which are alive, and novels which are puppet-shows, or in which a set of performing personages go through their motions, among scenery never so natural or so well described. It is the distinction of Conrad, among writers of sea-fiction, that in him the seamanship and the imagination, the experience and the power of projecting himself into diverse frames of mind—of seating himself, as it were, in the midst of other or bygone mental atmospheres—all happen to have met together, and to find themselves provided with singular faculties of expression and description. The concurrence of such experiences and such gifts is rare enough, to say nothing of their quality. It is that combination which has enabled Conrad to write novels *of* the sea, as opposed to novels *about* the sea. Work waited to be done; he was the man for that work. Little things reveal the novelist as well as the man. Right at the end of "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'" there is a page of epilogue about the crew:

"I never saw them again. The sea took some, the steamers took others, the graveyards of the earth will account for the rest. . . . So be it! Let the earth and the sea each have its own. A gone shipmate, like any other man, is gone forever; and I never saw one of them again. But at times the springflood of memory sets with force up the dark River of the Nine Bends. Then on the waters of the forlorn stream drifts a ship—a shadowy ship

manned by a crew of Shades. They pass and make a sign, in a shadowy hall. Haven't we, together and upon the immortal sea, wrung out a meaning from our sinful lives? Good-bye, brothers! You were a good crowd. As good a crowd as ever fisted with wild cries the beating canvas of a heavy foresail; or tossing aloft, invisible in the night, gave back yell for yell to a westerly gale."

"Haven't we, together. . . . brothers!" There, or very near it, lies the secret. The writer's relation to them, his understanding of them, his sympathy for them, his tenderness, even, towards them, has been that of shipmate, not of spectator. He has been, so to speak, of them. Hence he is able to say, "You were a good crowd," where, from a spectatorial point of view, they would have been a crowd of scallywags, picturesque, perhaps, and capable of doing their work, but otherwise leaving much to be desired. And hence the book, after one has read it, is found to have burnt itself on one's vision like a black charcoal drawing touched in red with life-blood. It is not so much a description of the "Narcissus" and her crew, as an expression of them.

Where several characteristics all combine together to a certain result, and all are indispensable, it is at least risky to speak of some as primary and others as secondary. Nevertheless in actual life some traits appear to be more deeply-rooted in a man than others, so that he could not conceivably be himself without them; and in a writer, also, there are certain qualities which, one feels, could not possibly have been acquired by taking pains, and which, therefore, may be regarded as primary to his other qualities. Several contemporary writers, for instance, can be read with admiration for their cleverness and with enthusiasm for the views they expound. Yet all the time one is conscious of an underlying emptiness, or inhumanity, or narrow-

ness of spirit, or shoddiness of ideal—one hardly knows what. Their secondary characteristics are excellent, but about their primary characteristics there is something wrong or lacking. In Conrad's work it is important to observe how its secondary characteristics are all of a piece with those primary characteristics which I have only been able to indicate rather than describe, precisely because they are so vital that they cannot be dragged clear by analysis. Very noticeable is his extreme acceptance of life as such, and as it is—his interests in life for its own sake. We live nowadays in a haze of ideals, less concerned with making the best of a man as he is than with altering him into a new man—a superman. From the market-place of practical idealism, so-called, Conrad stands curiously remote. The test he applies to his characters is an old and a searching one—the sea's. In what is perhaps his most marvellous piece of sustained psychology, "Lord Jim," he expounds what the sea does to a man.

"After two years of training he went to sea . . . and in time, when yet very young, he became chief mate of a fine ship, without ever having been tested by those events of the sea that show in the light of day the inner worth of a man, the edge of his temper, and the fibre of his stuff; that reveal the quality of his resistance and the secret truth of his pretences, not only to others but also to himself" (p. 8).

That is what Conrad does to the men in his books, be they seamen or landmen. The action of the story is plotted out to that end, and the situations invented for that purpose. It is "the fibre of their stuff" he is getting at; "the secret truth of their pretences"; or "the soft spot, the place of decay, the determination to lounge safely through existence." His final judgment is as extraordinarily simple as his dissection of character and marshalling of evidence is complex. For

what is it, to be a good seaman and to come up to the seaman standard? Comparatively few moral qualities are needed, but they are needed very much. The safety of the ship, the fulfilment of a trust, the life of all hands, depend upon them. Many points of character which seem very valuable on land, where the inner worth of men is more seldom brought to light by danger, hardships and close contact, are elegant accomplishments at sea. An unseamanlike seaman is nothing, nobody; but, so long as a man is a good seaman, allowances may be, and are, made for him in every other respect.

Witness, on the one hand, the enormous contempt for the talkative, slippery, useless cockney, Donkin, in "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus,'" and, on the other hand, in the same book, Conrad's own requiem over the old-fashioned sailing-ship seamen,

"those men who knew how to exist beyond the pale of life and within sight of eternity. They had been strong, as those are strong who know neither doubts nor hopes. They had been impatient and enduring, turbulent and devoted, unruly and faithful. Well-meaning people had tried to represent those men as whining over every mouthful of their food; as going about their work in fear of their lives. But in truth they had been men who knew toll, privation, violence, debauchery—but knew not fear, and had no desire of spite in their hearts. Men hard to manage, but easy to inspire; voiceless men—but men enough to scorn in their hearts the sentimental voices that be-walled the hardness of their fate. It was a fate unique and their own; the capacity to bear it appeared to them the privilege of the chosen. Their generation lived inarticulate and indispensable, without knowing the sweetness of affections or the refuge of a home—and died free from the dark menace of a narrow grave. They were the everlasting children of the mysterious sea. Their successors are the grown-up children of a discontented earth. They are less naughty, but less

innocent; less profane, but perhaps also less believing; and, if they have learned how to speak, they have also learned how to whine" (p. 34).

It can easily be urged that such a standard of judgment, such a tradition, besides being simple, is primitive, elementary, retrograde, semi-savage; that we have done, and are doing, better than that with our finer shades of conduct. But have we? Are we? The seafaring standard is probably, in practice, the best for its purpose, and the most successful, that was ever invented. It has carried on seafaring for centuries—perhaps in itself the most heroic work on a large scale ever undertaken by mankind. It has peopled the sea with heroes who are nameless and unknown, because their heroism was all in their day's work. And, although simple, it is anything but superficial. The bare phrase, "So-and-so's all right," with which one seaman will usually sum up another, represents a probing into character at least as deep, if not as detailed, as that of verbal analysis; it means that in the recesses of himself beyond reach of words, as well as in action and as a shipmate, the man is, in fact, sound, and rings true. In a word, he is "all right." It is a favorite phrase of Conrad's too, in letters and conversation, where he can state his intuition without having to justify it. His literary expressiveness is, indeed, less a means of describing the thing plainly seen, than an instrument for throwing outposts into regions of the mind beyond verbal explanation. Where words begin to fail, he begins to explore, and he pushes ahead till he comes up against the inscrutable. But note the tremendous apparatus of invention, insight and analysis that he finds necessary in order to arrive, still questioning, at the same simple verdict which events, more especially those of the sea, so conclusively disentangle from life.

In "Youth," in "Typhoon," and in "The Nigger of the 'Narcissus,'" the crews of the "Judea," the "Nan-Shan" and the "Narcissus," are all tried by terrible voyages, all show the fibre of their stuff, and all emerge successfully from the sea's test, with the exception of the malevolent nigger who becomes the grotesque centre of shipboard life in the "Narcissus," because nobody could tell, till he died, whether he was malingering or not. The Youth—it is that same Marlow who narrates most of "Lord Jim"—had his youth's vision of all the East, lost in the moment, but had felt his strength, had attained to manhood.

"By all that's wonderful, it is the sea, I believe, the sea itself—or is it youth alone? Who can tell? But you here [to whom he has told the tale]—you all had something out of life; money, love—whatever one gets on shore—and, tell me, wasn't that the best time, that time when we were young at sea; young and had nothing, on the sea that gives nothing, except hard knocks—and sometimes a chance to feel your strength—that only—what you all regret?" ("Youth," p. 47).

In "Lord Jim," on the other hand, Jim fails in the test at the very beginning of the book. He becomes mate of the rusty old "Patna," with a cargo of pilgrims. She strikes something floating and is stove in; her rotten collision bulkhead visibly bulges. A squall is coming down on her; it seems she is bound to sink. A boat is launched by the mongrelly panic-stricken set of officers. Jim jumps into her too, leaving the pilgrims to sink with the ship. But the "Patna" doesn't sink; she is towed into port by a French gunboat. Jim's failure and shame are the theme of the book.

"I tell you [says Marlow] I ought to know the right kind of looks. I would have trusted the deck to that youngster on the strength of a single glance, and gone to sleep with both eyes—and, by

Jove! it wouldn't have been safe. There are depths of horror in that thought. He looked as genuine as a new sovereign, but there was some infernal alloy in his metal. How much? The least thing—the least drop of something rare and accursed; the least drop!" ("Lord Jim," p. 47.)

Ostensibly, the story deals with Jim's adventures as a water-clerk, driven from port to port by a conscience touchy to the rumors of his disgrace, and with his rehabilitation not in the world's eyes, but in his own esteem, as the friend, counsellor and protector of the river tribe who provided him with a hiding-place and gave him back his self-esteem by depending upon him, their Tuan, or Lord, Jim. As a narrative of adventures and events, it has almost no sequence. It chops and changes about. Half-a-dozen persons tell each a bit of the tale in the process of relating what they have seen or heard of Jim, and what they think of his case: why he jumped, what the alloy in his metal was, and how the consequences of that one irretrievable moment of panic can be overcome. Everything bears on these points from the official enquiry onwards. There lies the unity of the story—in Jim. Its real plot, underneath its action of romantic adventure, is his psychology. The story wanders, but never from him. He, and his character, and his mental stress, are built up with a multitude of touches from the several points of view of all the narrators who knew him at one time or another; so that we see him in the round, as it were, instead of on the flat; and he bears somewhat the same relation to the ordinary character of fiction as a living picture—dimly lighted, perhaps—bears to a clear but lifeless photograph. His moment of failure was squalid; his moment of success is tragic. He goes, this time, calmly and knowingly to death; and the head of

the tribe shoots him for a treachery uncommitted.

"And that's the end. He passes away under a cloud, inscrutable at heart, forgotten, unforgiven, and excessively romantic. Not in the wildest days of his boyish visions could he have seen the alluring shape of such an extraordinary success! For it may very well be that in the short moment of his last proud and unflinching glance, he had beheld the face of that opportunity which, like an Eastern bride, had come veiled to his side. But we can see him, an obscure conqueror of fame, tearing himself out of the arms of a jealous love at the sign, at the call of his exalted egoism. He goes away from a living woman to celebrate his pitiless wedding with a shadowy ideal of conduct. Is he satisfied—quite, now, I wonder?"

Much the same method is followed in the novels of life on land. When Willems, in "The Outcast of the Islands," "stepped off the straight and narrow path of his peculiar honesty, it was with an inward assertion of unflinching resolve to fall back again into the monotonous but safe stride of virtue as soon as his little excursion into the wayside quagmires had produced the desired effect." But he could not do so; he had failed fundamentally in the test of events; he had lost, so to speak, his rudder. Dismissed to a lonely trading station amongst the Islands, he espies one day a superb Malay girl, Aïssa.

"He looked at the woman. Through the checkered light between them she appeared to him with the impalpable distinctness of a dream. She seemed to him at once enticing and brilliant—sombre and repelling; the very spirit of that land of mysterious forests, standing before him, with the vague beauty of wavering outline; like an apparition behind a transparent veil—a veil woven of sunbeams and shadows. . . . 'You are beautiful,' he whispered" (pp. 75, 76).

Here, again, the ostensible action of the book is not the main interest. The local politics and intrigues of Sambir, in relation to the two white traders, and their own quarrels, are only the *milieu* of the real psychological action. It is not a sex-problem novel of the ordinary sort, but its tragedy, none the less, is one of purely sensual passion; a tragedy heightened rather than created by the racial difference. Willems was a civilized man—nothing apart from his civilization—and Aïssa a savage. "He told her that she was beautiful and desirable, and he repeated it again and again; for, when he told her that, he had said all there was within him—he had expressed his only thought, his only feeling." What we witness with an oppression akin to that produced by the luxuriant miasmatic tropical forests, and with a sense of the instability of human equilibrium, is Willems' gradual disintegration, moral, mental and physical, under the slavery of a passion to which he abandoned both himself and the remnants of his civilized standards, because he himself was not man enough to uplift it even to his own low level. He stepped backwards; therefore fell. It was a disastrous, a tragic return to the wild, the causes of which lay partly in the difference of race, partly in its peculiar environment, but chiefly in Willems himself.

In "The Secret Agent" we see, likewise, the utter disintegration of Mr. Verloc's family and family life in circumstances with which its moral nullity was unable to contend. The awakening of the old mother-in-law, the one member of the household not flabby in fibre, to the fact that something was wrong—she did not know what—her stealthy efforts to find a more settled if lonelier home, and her drive to a South London almshouse in a sinister rickety old fly, as grotesquely pathetic as the cab of Madame Bovary and her lover at Rouen, give

the key to an inner story of mind and atmosphere far more profound than the outer plot of the book. Only two of the characters have any real grit—the old mother-in-law and the atrocious little bomb-maker, whom nobody dares touch because he is prepared to blow up himself and his captor at any moment. They alone can be said to survive the Verlocs' catastrophe.

"Under Western Eyes" has been treated as, and states itself to be, "a Russian story for Western ears, which," says the narrator, "as I have observed already, are not attuned to certain tones of cynicism and cruelty, of moral negation, and even of moral distress already silenced at our end of Europe." It is that; perhaps it was intended to be that alone. But the trend of Conrad's genius has enticed him, here also, into his own psychological domain. Wrapped up in this story of Russia and her revolutionists is one of his characteristic studies of a moral situation and its inevitable consequences. Haldin, who has blown up an important personage and is fleeing from the police, takes refuge in the room of his friend Razumov, a young student who has his career to make and bids fair to succeed owing to his trick of inspiring confidence in everybody. Razumov then has the dreadful choice to make: either he can harbor Haldin and fall with him into the hands of the police, or else he can give his friend up, and still fall into the hands of the police as an agent of theirs. It is either death or disgrace. He chooses the latter, the less generous, the more prudent alternative, and is sent by the police to spy on the Geneva group of revolutionists, who welcome him as the friend of Haldin's last days. There he meets Haldin's sister—a true, steadfast Russian girl—placed for ever beyond his reach by his betrayal of her brother. Everyone with whom he comes in contact is, as it were, a reflec-

tion of his struggles, an incarnation of one of his many frenzied attempts to break free from the intolerable situation into which he has fallen. They close the ways of escape that they themselves present. More and more he is hemmed in by them, and by his own remorse, until the story arrives at its almost unbearable conclusion, when Razumov confesses his treachery, and one of the revolutionists—himself a traitor and *agent provocateur*—bursts the drums of his ears so that he shall never again betray what he will never again be able to hear. Then, at last, the revolutionists themselves succor him, because he might have done still worse.

It is possible to argue that this separability of outer and inner, of material and mental, action arises from defective construction and is in itself a fault of artistic form; that those two aspects of a novel should be as warp and woof, not as shell and kernel. No doubt they should be so, and are in a few outstanding masterpieces. But form, ultimately, is the shape given to a conception by its creator's mind; and to admit that the mind has a life of its own not entirely dependent on events, though intimately connected with them, is to admit also the essential untruth of any artistic form restricted to an absolute correspondence between the two. Had Conrad been so restricted, we should have lost the choicest and most characteristic part of his work. It would have been to cut his wings, and make his flight a walk. For, from a technical point of view, his management of mind is far superior to his management of events and narration.

It is too often assumed, however, that form in fiction is solely a matter of event. In novels where the psychological interest is prominent or paramount, the form may, as it were, transfer itself from the material to the mental action. Provided the latter

pursues a proper course, then the novel possesses form in that respect, however formless its course of events may appear to be.

Once that consideration is grasped, and the almost dual nature of Conrad's novels perceived, it becomes evident that most of his apparent faults of construction are much less faults than necessities of form. Often in the narration he seems to halt, to digress, to be wringing a situation dry, to be building up at great length an impression that ought to have been hit off or missed in one sentence—and then on with the story. But, although the material action of the story is held up for many such passages, they are by no means to be regarded as pieces of gorgeous prolixity; every sentence in them carries on and amplifies the central psychological action. It is there that the story progresses all the time. If, very frequently, he appears to be laboriously scraping his way down to the nerve of a character, like an anatomical student "teasing" a dissection specimen, with every scrape the character becomes more living, instead of less. In the shadowy affairs of mind he is able to do with men and women of flesh and blood what most writers can only do with a kind of disembodied spirit. His insequences of event usually arise from the need of keeping intact the sequence of the inner psychological action of the story. His abrupt and occasionally disconcerting changes of narration, his bits of narrative at second or even third hand, and his habit of introducing a fresh subsidiary character to carry on the story for a while, are not mere clumsiness. They have the effect of slightly shifting the ground, and the standpoint with it, so that a greater rotundity, a greater solidity, an increased vitality, is bestowed on the person or scene described; just as we see a thing solid because we see it with two eyes a few

inches apart, and tell the direction of a sound by comparing unconsciously its effect on each of two ears.

It is noteworthy how every sense has been used in putting together a Conrad picture—not merely sight or touch or sound, though his visualization is remarkably keen and complete; and how, also, he builds up an impression from a multitude of exceedingly realistic touches. The realistic method in detail is subordinated to a method which, in the large, is impressionistic. Their combination is not invariably achieved; sometimes the two methods alternate rather than interpenetrate; but at its best his scheme provides a singularly wide range for dealing with the bewildering and incongruous variety of human existence, from the vaguer, more transient motions of the mind right down to the pettiest details of daily life. It is capable, moreover, of conveying, not merely the general exterior atmosphere of a scene or situation, but the mental atmospheres of the actors in it. The characters of Conrad's novels do not live in a vacuum or literary show-case; they are not detached from their environment for purposes of examination and exhibition, nor do we only see the one aspect of them which is at issue. The scene, the situation, the environment, both material and mental, and the characters themselves, in mind as well as in action, are all presented *en bloc*. And if, at times, the atmosphere seems overloaded, and the style a mosaic of words, there comes, more often than not, a comprehensive and clarifying phrase that blazes up like a flare at sea on a dark night. In "The Mirror of the Sea," for instance, Conrad has been talking about the impatience of ships in London Dock, moored up against the soulless gravity of mortar and stone. The restraint, he rather fancifully supposes, is good for them, as for unruly souls. Not that ships are

unruly; on the contrary, they are faithful creatures. "And faithfulness is a great restraint, the strongest bond laid upon the self-will of men and ships on this globe of land and sea." Again, of Lord Jim's native girl-wife we are told that "her tenderness hovered over him like a flutter of wings." And lastly observe the retrospective force, the finality and beauty of the concluding sentence in an elaborate description of the "Patna's" voyage up the Red Sea (p. 16).

"Such were the days, still, hot, heavy, disappearing one by one into the past, as if falling into an abyss for ever open in the wake of the ship; and the ship, lonely under a wisp of smoke, held on her steadfast way black and smouldering in a luminous immensity, as if scorched by a flame flicked at her from a heaven without pity. The nights descended on her like a benediction."

Considered solely as chronicles of event and adventure, the novels of Conrad have their weaknesses. From the point of view of the more superficial novel-reader, who demands physical action, plot, suspense, excitement, they have numerous *longueurs*, and their appeal lies rather in the strangeness of their scenes and subjects. On the other hand, they are strong in those qualities which make a novel twice-readable, chief among them being that each paragraph shall have an intrinsic interest of its own, apart from the rest; and that an implicit philosophy shall give substance and cohesion to the whole. There is in Conrad's novels an abundance of the humor which, like a geniality of manner, brings one into sympathy with the author and his mood, and of an irony which, while it gives a savor to every page separately, acts also as the expression of an implicit philosophy, inasmuch as irony is perpetual comment, without digression, from the author's own standpoint. It

contains his criticism of the life he depicts.

It is possible to criticize civilized life and be ironical at its expense from two opposite standpoints—the ideal and the elemental. Starting with a conviction as to what civilization ought to be, we may fall foul of it for not having got so far; or starting with a conviction that, without certain elementary fundamental qualities, any civilization is bound to be hollow and worthless, we may fall foul of our own civilization for having weakened those qualities and for having hidden their importance under a mass of non-essentials. We may lay stress on what men ought to become, or on what they must continue to be. Needless to say, Conrad's standpoint is the latter, the elemental. He is the irony of a seaman turned philosopher in this respect, that at sea a man must be a man. On top of that he may be highly civilized, genteel, intellectual, religious, or anything else he likes; but if, first and foremost, he is not a man, he cannot be a good seaman. Sooner or later the events of the sea will "reveal the quality of his resistance," and the secret truth of his pretences." Throughout Conrad's work his irony bites away at the pretences of civilization till we are permeated with an uncomfortable sense of its superficiality, its hollowness, its instability, its liability to crumble, leaving civilized men so much the worse than savages. He delights in showing people removed from the restraints and props of civilized life, and in the persons of his sea-captains and traders he has subjects ready to his hand; for no man is possessed of more despotic power than the captain of a ship at sea, and no man is more isolated from his kind than an up-river trader at a station in the virgin forest. That forms the theme itself of his grimmest and most powerful short stories, such as "Heart of Darkness" and "An Outpost of Pro-

gress." In the latter story, Kayerts had been in the Administration of the Telegraphs, and earlier was an ex-non-commissioned officer of cavalry. The trading steamer leaves them at their station.

"They were two perfectly insignificant and incapable individuals, whose existence is only rendered possible through the high organization of civilized crowds. Few men realize that their life, the very essence of their character, their capabilities and their audacities, are only the expression of their belief in the safety of their surroundings. The courage, the composure, the confidence; the emotions and principles; every great and every insignificant thought belongs not to the individual but to the crowd: to the crowd that believes blindly in the irresistible force of its institutions and of its morals, in the power of its police and of its opinion. But the contact with pure unmitigated savagery, with primitive nature and primitive man, brings sudden and profound trouble into the heart. To the sentiment of being alone of one's kind, to the clear perception of the loneliness of one's thoughts, of one's sensations, to the negation of the habitual, which is safe, there is added the affirmation of the unusual, which is dangerous; a suggestion of things vague, uncontrollable and repulsive, whose discomposing intrusion excites the imagination and tries the civilized nerves of the foolish and the wise alike." ("Tales of Unrest," p. 128.)

Kayerts and Carlier become nervy, desperate, murderous and suicidal, till they are found at the station, gruesomely dead, by the "Managing Director of the Great Civilizing Company (since we know that civilization follows trade)."

Kurtz, in "Heart of Darkness," is not a weakling, like Kayerts and Carlier. In some ways he is a great man, a kind of "universal genius"; and he retains to the end his faculties, his ambition, and his driving will-power.

But he, too, says Marlow, who tells the story, comes under the spell, "the heavy mute spell of the wilderness—that seemed to draw him to its pitiless breast by the awakening of forgotten and brutal instincts, by the memory of gratified and monstrous passions." His soul itself, and only his soul, goes mad. "Being alone in the wilderness, it had looked within itself, and, by heavens! I tell you, it had gone mad."

They are very fascinating and very terrible, these tales of Conrad's in which he brings civilization to the judgment of nature, and causes it to shake like a withering tree. They can be resented, as one usually resents any criticism of what has been achieved by labor and suffering. But it can hardly be doubted that what our civilization wants most is a criticism, like Conrad's, not of its extent but of its stability, not of its quantity but of its quality, not of its progress but of its fundamental strength and permanence. Nor is Conrad simply destructive and ironical. There are in his work many heroic characters to counterbalance these tragedies of weakness; none more significant, perhaps, and certainly none greater in stature than Singleton, the oldest seaman in the "Narcissus," "who had sailed to the southward since the age of twelve." Quotation, however long, cannot do justice to such a magnificent and sustained piece of character-drawing, still less to old Singleton himself. It has to be attempted, however, for in Singleton we come nearest to the measure of Conrad's philosophy and his achievement.

"Singleton stood at the door with his face to the light and his back to the darkness. And alone in the dim emptiness of the sleeping fore-castle he appeared bigger, colossal, very old; old as Father Time himself, who should have come into this place, as quiet as a sepulchre, to contemplate with patient eyes the short victory of sleep,

the consoler. Yet he was only a child of time, a lonely relic of a devoured and forgotten generation. He stood, still strong, as ever unthinking; a ready man with a vast empty past and with no future, with his childlike impulses and his man's passions already dead within his tattooed breast" (p. 33).

Yet, in the fierce gale, it was he who stuck to the wheel for more than thirty hours, keeping the ship steady, dodging her along before the wind and overwhelming seas. "Steers . . . like a little boat," he said at last with hoarse tenderness. But it was his ancient sea-knowledge, his skill at the wheel and his feel of the ship, that steered her; his ancient endurance that saved her. Relieved from the wheel, he fell headlong and stiff in the act of reaching out for a lighted clay pipe.

"There was a swift rush. Men pushed, crying: 'He's done!' . . . 'Turn him over!' . . . 'Stand clear there!' Under a crowd of startled faces bending over him he lay on his back, staring upwards in a continuous and intolerable manner. In the breathless silence of a general consternation he said in a grating murmur: 'I am all right,' and clutched with his hands. They helped him up. He mumbled despondently, 'I am getting old . . . old.' 'Not you,' cried Belfast, with ready tact. Supported on all sides, he hung his head. 'Are you better?' they asked. He glared at them from under his eyebrows with large black eyes, spreading over his chest the bushy whiteness of a beard long and thick. 'Old! old!' he repeated sternly. Helped along, he reached his bunk. There was in it a slimy, soft heap of something that smelt as does at dead low water a muddy foreshore. It was his soaked straw bed. With a convulsive effort he pitched himself on it, and in the darkness of the narrow place could be heard growling angrily, like an irritated and savage animal uneasy in its den: 'Bit of a breeze . . . small thing

... can't stand up ... old!" He slept at last. ... Men conversed about him in quiet concerned whispers. 'This'll break him up' ... 'Strong as a horse' ... 'Aye. But he ain't what he used to be' ... In sad murmurs they gave him up. Yet at midnight he turned out to duty as if nothing had been the matter, and answered to his name with a mournful 'Here!' He brooded alone more than ever, in an impenetrable silence and with a saddened face. For many years he had heard himself called 'Old Singleton,' and had serenely accepted the qualification, taking it as a tribute of respect due to a man who through half a century had measured his strength against the favors and the rages of the sea. He had never given a thought to his mortal self. He lived unscathed, as though he had been indestructible, surrendering to all the temptations, weathering many gales. He had panted in sunshine, shivered in the cold; suffered hunger, thirst, debauch; passed through many trials, known all the furies. Old! It seemed to him he was broken at last. And, like a man bound treacherously while he sleeps, he woke up fettered by the long chain of disregarded years" (p. 144).

The minute realism of that passage is no less wonderful than its scope and flight. With the character of Singleton, Conrad has done in modern literature what hitherto only the pictorial arts have achieved. Millet's peasants, Meunier's "Débardeur," and the like, are great in themselves, *per se*; they stand on the earth monumentally, with a greatness which depends only on their intimate association with that earth and their large share in the life that it sustains. But literature has always treated such figures with at least a spice of patronage, because they have failed to reach the minor, non-essential standards of the life whose point of view it takes. They are humorous or quaint, they are picturesque or pathetic, but still they have always been looked at in literature not with

level eyes, but slightly *de haut en bas*. It is as if a man, having ascended in a lift the flimsy Eiffel Tower, should look down on the wide earth—from which, indeed, the iron of the tower has been dug and to which it will some day return—with an air of superiority. About the drawing of Singleton there are no such pretensions, nor, in an effort to idealize him cheaply, is there any unwillingness to face the squalider facts of his life. He is statuesque, great in presence, a man for whom his shipmates express reverence in their own fashion. Ignorant of many things and childlike in others, he is of a "completed wisdom" in things that matter, in the knowledge that saves the ship—a man to look up to, not to look down at. Above all—and Conrad makes one know it without arguing it out—he is a man well to have been. Even by the storm-driven sea he is not dwarfed, for his greatness, like the sea's, is not accidental or relative, but elemental.

Singletons go about the world, unrecognized by eyes that are fixed on prettier but more urgent things; uncomprehended by codes of moral, physical and social deportment too narrow to hold them; until, perhaps, some crises, some storm, arises which only by their help can be weathered. Then they are revealed in what they do. Just so, the passengers in a liner rather look down on the common seaman, until the ship is in danger, when they pay a high respect to the men whose seamanship alone can save them. Substitute civilization for the "Narcissus," and the implications of Singleton's character are plain. Doubtless it is not a primary function of the novel to teach lessons, unless by opening men's eyes. The significance of such as Singleton is, indeed, a lesson not to be taught at all except by the mingled emotional and intellectual method of fiction; and it is in the proper manner,

by an enlargement and extension of vision, that Conrad enforces it. Having taken the novel to sea, he has brought

The Quarterly Review.

back in it the sea's contribution to a finer and deeper and honestest philosophy of life.

Stephen Reynolds.

HONESTY.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Cuff's astonishment on hearing of his daughter's betrothal was only surpassed by his gratification. He had been living in a semi-intoxicated condition ever since the rupture with his master, but his surprise at the announcement almost sobered him.

"Well, there," he exclaimed, "to think o' the little maid doin' so well for herself! I d' 'low there's better times comin' for us all. I'm sure I don't know what you've been a-pullin' such a long face about, Mother. This 'ere move is the best thing what could happen to any of us."

"I wish I could be sure o' that," rejoined Mrs. Cuff, sighing. "Honesty's provided for, thanks be! but I don't know whatever's to become o' you an' me."

Her lord, who had been in the act of lighting his pipe, paused with the wisp of flaming paper half way to the bowl, to cast upon her a look of almost sanctified disapproval.

"I do call it a-flyin' i' the face o' Providence, to carry on as you do carry on," he said severely. "We'm guided for the best—don't ye know that? If I'd a-got up an' rung bell on Christmas Eve, the same as the Reverend did want I to do, where 'ud the maid be now? She wouldn't ha' met her husband what's to be. If I'd sat quiet while the Reverend was speaking so disrespectful to I, I wouldn't ha' got sacked, and Zachary Shart, there, maybe wouldn't ha' spoke. So you see, wold 'ooman, I was in the right all along, and them what acts right and does for the best is sure to be rewarded in

the end. Some job 'ull turn up for me, I'll go warrant."

He lit the pipe now, still eyeing his wife reprovingly, and tossed away the charred paper with a superior air which provoked Mrs. Cuff out of her usual meekness.

"'Tis all very well to talk that way," she cried; "but I can't think it 'ull bring a blessing on anybody to get a-drinkin' so often as you've a-done lately, Cuff, and to throw away a good place for nothin', as if good places was to be picked up every day."

"Good places *is* to be picked up every day," retorted her spouse. "The Reverend 'ull not find it so easy to get a man as 'ull do all what I've a-done, though. Pumpin' water, to start with—and the amount o' water what's used up to Vicarage now is really sinful. Maister Soames, he did have one bath of a Saturday, and that's about all, but this 'ere Reverend gentleman must ha' one every day and the folks what do stay there, *they* must ha' one—one each! mind ye. And the scrubbin' what goes on in that house! He do seem to ha' no mercy on the maids."

"Well, it was time there was a change," murmured Mrs. Cuff. "Mr. Soames' wold housekeeper did leave the place in a terrible state."

"There ye go, a-flyin' in my face again," said Mr. Cuff sharply. "I can't think what's come to ye lately, Mary. So soon as I do say one thing ye do say another."

He paused, fixing such a stern gaze on the poor woman that she was quelled for the moment.

"The water," he resumed, waving his

pipe with an explanatory air, "is a-flowin' in that house same as if it was laid on in pipes, and not drawed up out of the earth by the sweat of a man's brow. The very garden has to be watered, though, as I did tell the Reverend, it's tempting Providence to water the flowers in dry weather. 'It do draw all the roots up to the surface o' the sile,' I did tell him, 'and then the sun do burn 'em up an' kill 'em.' 'Once ye begin,' I did tell him, 'ye do ha' to go on'—'Well, and so ye can go on,' says he, quite cool—not a bit o' consideration, as if a man did ha' nothin' else to do but water. Well, then, there's wood to be chopped, and bells to be rung, and graves to be dug—all that extra, ye mid say, besides the reg'lar garden-work. Where's he goin' to find a man to do all that, same as I did do it?"

"Well, it 'ull not be so easy," agreed Mrs. Cuff, carried away by his eloquence, and secretly convinced that, in spite of his occasional lapses, her husband was really a man whose services might be a loss to any master.

"I wonder," she said, "I wonder if, when ye do go to Reverend to talk about Honesty's banns, ye was just to make a kind o' apology for havin' forgot yourself—maybe he would take ye back?"

"Me apologize! What for?"

"Why for—for bein' a bit hasty wi' him," faltered his wife, hesitatingly, "ye was a bit hasty, ye know, my dear, ye did take him up terrible sharp."

"Well, I'm allus one as likes to speak my mind plain," said Mr. Cuff, "but this here Vicar, he's one o' the mealy-mouthed sort I do 'low, and he looks for others to be mealy-mouthed too. I'll make no promises, Mary, but I'm willin' to meet him half-way—I can't say more nor that—for your sake, I'm willin' to meet him half-way."

His tone was so magnanimous, and his manner so impressive that Mrs. Cuff

felt he had made a really handsome concession, and did not do more than hint that he had better speak to the master without delay, and that it might be as well to do so that very afternoon, before coming home from his work.

She conceived that by this bit of diplomacy she had obviated the possibility of Cuff's calling for his customary refreshment at the Red Lion before interviewing the Vicar.

About six o'clock, however, the house-door flew open under a peremptory hand, and Mr. Cuff entered in that particular state of exhilaration which was the result, as his womenkind knew too well, of the imbibing of alcohol.

"Have ye seen the Reverend, my dear?" asked his wife, tremulously.

"No. I did come back first to change my clothes. I bain't a-goin' to tackle him in my workin' suit, sarvant to master, I be goin' to meet Reverend man to man."

"Nay, Father, 'tis a terrible cold night," said Honesty, looking up from her sewing. "If I was you I'd stay by the fire now and talk to the Vicar in the mornin'. 'Tis time enough, if he knows before Sunday."

"Nay, don't ye try to keep me back, my mald," returned her parent, with stern rectitude. "Dooty is dooty. I've a-put my hand to the plough and I bain't a-goin' to turn back."

What he had really put his hand to was the handle of a pint mug, as Honesty and her mother were dismally aware, but he spoke with such evident determination that they knew it would be useless to gainsay him. Therefore Mrs. Cuff, candle in hand, meekly preceded him upstairs, to set out his Sunday clothes, while Honesty followed, with a jug of hot water. After toilet operations, somewhat prolonged, owing to Mr. Cuff's experiencing a certain difficulty in finding buttons and distinguishing his right sleeve from his

left, he came downstairs, resplendent, and set forth on his errand, carrying a lantern, by means of which the women were able to follow his dignified, if occasionally devious, progress down the lane.

"Of course it's all up now," sighed Honesty, returning to her place.

"I never had no 'opes," rejoined her mother.

Mr. Harvey was seated at his study table, deep in the composition of his forthcoming sermon. He was a very earnest, well-meaning young man, who, after his ordination, had devoted himself to labors in the East-end of London. His colleagues had been men of his own school of thought, and, like him, full of eager zeal; but congenial as the life had been, and successful as were his efforts, Mr. Harvey's health had proved unequal to the strain, and he had been forced to accept the country living offered to him by his own college. He had carried with him, however, to the remote Dorset parish the same enthusiasm as had borne fruit in the slums, and had from the first put forth views entirely incomprehensible to the bucolic mind. During his residence in that old world village, he had frequently found himself foiled, and was disappointed not so much by the failure of some of his pet schemes, as by the general mental attitude of the people among whom his lot was cast. He had grown soured, even irritable, and the constant fret and exasperation induced by perpetual opposition had caused him on his side to become peremptory and obstinate.

Silas Cuff, his own gardener and factotum, was to him the embodiment of all of which he most disapproved in his parishioners. Dense in intellect, stubborn in will, outspoken, frequently impertinent, it needed but the discovery of his drinking propensities to fill his cup to the brim; while his subsequent

act of willful disobedience caused it to overflow. Cuff deserved to be made an example of, and the Vicar had, as we have seen, dealt with him summarily.

A visit from this worthy on the busiest night of the week, at a moment, moreover, when the Vicar was weighing in his mind the necessity of eliminating from his discourse sundry pearls that he knew to be unsuitable for an audience which, in his own mind, he designated as swinish, was, as may be imagined, as unwelcome as unexpected.

"Well, Cuff," he asked in surprise, "what do you want?"

Cuff bestowed the umbrella which, though it was a fine night, he had carried with him in token of respectability, in a corner of the room before replying.

"I've called on a matter o' business, Mester Harvey. I've a-got some commands for ye."

"Commands," echoed the Vicar in amazement.

"'Ees," rejoined Cuff, with a truculent roll of the head. "You be a sarvant o' the Church, bairn't ye? and I be one of your parishioners. I've a-come to speak as one o' your parishioners to-night. I d' 'low, though I mld be forced to take arders from you in the garden, when I do come on a bit o' Church business 'tis you what's got to take arders from me."

The solemn dignity of Mr. Cuff's delivery was only a trifle impaired by an inclination to sway as he stood.

"Cuff, you're not in a fit state to speak to me at present," said the Vicar, severely. "Go home. I'll talk to you in the morning."

"Nay," said Cuff, "ye'd have I at a disadvantage i' the marnin'. You walkin' down fresh from your bath as I'd a-pumped up for ye with the sweat o' my brow." He repeated the phrase with unction, it having already

struck him as a happy one. "And me in my wold dirty clothes! I've a-had a drop o' drink, I don't deny it, bein' a broken-hearted man and lookin' for comfort where I can find it in my private hours, but I be so sensible as any man, and I do know very well as it is your dooty to do what I do tell ye. You do make your livin' by servin' o' this here parish, and when you've a-done what I do tell 'ee to do, you'll be lookin' out for a extra half-crown."

The Vicar half rose in his chair, reddening to the temples.

"Go out of this room, Cuff," he said. "Go out at once, you are talking nonsense—wicked nonsense."

Cuff took hold of his umbrella, planted it firmly between his feet, and leaned on it.

"I haven't said one word what isn't true," he replied firmly; "you'll admit so yourself in a minute. My da'ter, Honesty Cuff, be a-goin' to get married, and she do wish for to get married in church. Me and my family have allus been good church folk. I d' 'low you've nothin' to say again' that, sir, have ye?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Harvey, sitting down and regaining some measure of his usual calmness.

"Well then, have ye anythin' again' callin' over her banns next Sunday, same as Zachary Shart's banns—that's the man she's promised to they'll fall over pulpit at Salisbury."

"Fall over pulpit?" queried the Vicar, bewildered.

"I should say be called home," said Cuff, correcting himself, with the air of one making a concession.

"I've no objection at all, of course," rejoined Mr. Harvey. "I presume this man is respectable and can keep your daughter in comfort?"

"That," said Cuff blandly, "is our private lookout. My da'ter's likely to be more comfortable, married to a well-to-do man what drives a van and does

a good business in the crockery-line, nor she'd be i' the workhouse, or a trampin' along the roads with me and her mother, when we clear out o' this. I shouldn't ha' thought," he continued in an impartial tone, "as ye'd reckon either one or the other particular good for a young maid. She's a-marryin' this here Zachary Shart, what's a stranger to us all, along of us all thinkin' it's the best thing she can do."

"This seems a monstrous business," cried Mr. Harvey, as soon as he had taken in the drift of Cuff's announcement; "the young man's a stranger to you, you say?"

"He isn't so very young," returned Cuff; "forty—that's his age."

"And Honesty's a mere child?"

"Just so," agreed Cuff; "she mid a-had a bit more time to look about her, but when this here Mr. Shart come along, she reckoned it 'ud be better take him nor go into sarvice, and her mother and me 'ull be well enough content to have one mouth less to feed. If there's to be blame, put it where blame is due, and that's——"

Lifting one of the large hands which were folded on top of the umbrella he jerked it forward, shooting out the thumb in his master's direction.

"It won't be so easy for a man o' my years to find work," he continued, "and Mrs. Cuff is a sickly poor creature, what can't do nothing for her living. I d' 'low Honesty's doin' the best she can for herself—I can't keep her."

The Vicar stared uncomfortably, almost remorsefully, at Cuff, who returned his glance with the steady gaze of a consciously just man.

"I've a-worked thirty year on these premises," he resumed, after a pause, "thirty year in heat or cold, in rain or shine. I've a-delved this garden from end to end, year in, year out. I've a-pumped water from well yonder—I should think I must ha' pumped as much water as 'ud float the King's

feet; I've a-chopped sticks—forests of them; I've a-planted 'taters——"

"Yes, yes, you've been a good servant, I know," interrupted the Vicar, "I've nothing to say against your industry, but you've one bad fault, Cuff—two I may say; you are intemperate and you are disobedient. The one is caused by the other. If you had been in the full possession of your senses the occurrence of last week would not have taken place."

"Maybe not," agreed Cuff, "but it's done now, and me and my family have to suffer for it. I didn't come to talk about sich things, anyway. I come to bespeak this bit o' dooty what you've a-got to do. 'Tis my wish and my da'ter's wish as the banns should be give out next Sunday, and in three weeks' time I'll call upon ye for the weddin' ceremony; and if I do have to sell my boots I'll have that half-crown handy for the marriage dues. I wish ye good evenin', Vicar."

Making a regal inclination of the head, Mr. Cuff turned to go; but the Vicar detained him by a motion of the hand.

"Wait a bit, Cuff, I'm not satisfied with this business. It seems to me that this marriage is practically forced upon the girl."

"Forced it is," agreed Cuff, "but who's forcin' it? My maid was content enough in her home, a-looking after her mother and I, but when she's thrown out upon the world wi'out a roof over her head——"

The Vicar almost tore his hair:

"Man, why will you be so wrong-headed?" he cried. "Can't you see that it is *you* who have brought this upon yourself, you who——"

"Nay now, I'll bid ye good evenin'," said Cuff, turning towards the door, "there's no use you and me arguin', sir, for you and me 'ull never agree, though I'd be willin' to meet ye half way," he added handsomely.

"How do you mean?" asked his master in surprise.

"Why, if *you* was to say no more about last week, I'd say no more about it. I'd be willin' to go on wi' my work, same as if nothing had happened."

The other gazed at him speculatively, inwardly ashamed of the inclination to take the old fellow at his word. He *was* an old fellow, that was the strong point of his case, and his wife was sickly, and—it seemed a shocking thing for a young girl to be hurried into a marriage of pure expediency.

Cuff waited with his hand on the door.

"Of course if I was happy in my mind, I wouldn't be druv' to the public so often," he hazarded.

The Vicar paused.

"Cuff," he said at length, "if I overlook the disgraceful affair of last week and give you a fresh trial, will you give me your word to refrain absolutely from intoxicating drinks?" he said suddenly.

Cuff turned round with a beaming face.

"Done with you sir," he cried. "I wouldn't be druv' to it, as I did say, but there! I be pure glad as we've a-come to a understanding—I did tell my wold 'ooman I'd be willin' for to meet ye half way, and so I be. Ye have my promise, sir. I'll leave the politics alone, 'twas them what first tempted me—the educassion question and that. But, mercy me, there's other folks what can speak a word in season about educassion. I han't got no call to bother my head over it, seein' as all my children be growed up. A man's first dooty is to hisself, isn't it, sir?"

The Vicar smiled, but a trifle anxiously.

"Certainly—yes—no man can do his duty by his country who does not respect himself."

"That's it," agreed Mr. Cuff heartily, "every man what respects hisself, why

—his country's bound to be the better for a-ownin' him. Good evenin', sir."

"Good evening. I expect you to keep to your part of the bargain. Well now, there's no particular hurry about this marriage, I suppose? Do see that your daughter takes time to think it over—it seems almost criminal to allow her to rush into a marriage with a man she hardly knows."

"I'll see to it," said Mr. Cuff gravely. "I'm in no hurry to part with her, seein' as she's the last maid I've got at home, and wonderful helpful to her mother."

He took his departure upon this, and made his way home with a swaggering air as became a conqueror.

"Now what do you think?" he cried, as he entered the kitchen where Honesty and her mother were sitting as usual on either side of the hearth. "I've got noos for you—two bits of noos. Now ye'll maybe see who was right and who was wrong, missus. You'll maybe agree as I do know more about rights and wrongs i' this parish nor most folks. The Reverend and me have made up our little difference. He acted like a man, he did—I'll say that for him, and I did meet him like a man, I did meet him half-way, the same as I did tell 'ee I was willin' to do. So here we be—as we were."

He hung up his hat on a peg with a decided air, and sitting down on the settle beside Honesty, pinched her cheek.

"As we were, maldie," he repeated jubilantly. "No need for no changes anywhere. No need for 'ee now to go traipsing off in a van with a husband you don't know. Ye can bide at home, and look arter mother and me."

"What do you mean, father?" cried Honesty, springing to her feet.

"Why, what I do tell 'ee, my dear. Since the Reverend and I have a-made it up, there's no need for any of us to turn out o' this place. Maister Shart can look elsewhere for a second wife,

and maybe this time he'll pick one what's more suitable in age."

"Do ye mean ye want me to break my word to Zachary?" cried Honesty, growing very pale.

"You can tell him you've changed your mind," chuckled Cuff. "Dear heart alive, it won't be the first time a young maid will ha' changed her mind, more particular when the man's twice her age and quite a new acquaintance. The Reverend himself did say 'twas criminal—ah, that's the very word he used—criminal, for a young maid like you to be hurried into matrimony wi' a stranger."

"Hurried!" echoed Mrs. Cuff. "Well, of course if you are staying on with Mr. Harvey there's no need for havin' the weddin' quite so soon. Not till spring, maybe. 'Tis true what the Reverend do say, you'm very young to start housekeepin', Honesty, but I wouldn't have ye break your word altogether to Mr. Shart. Mr. Shart's a very good man and he's acted kind by us all. But ye mid take a little time—"

"'Ees, take time to think it over," interrupted Cuff, "there's no sich hurry now. Take time to make up your mind, maldie."

"I have made up my mind," cried Honesty. "I won't break my word to Zachary Short, either in big things or little things. He had my promise to marry him so soon as possible, and I'll keep to what I said."

At this juncture the door opened and Zachary himself peered in:

"Hello!" he cried, "this 'ere seems a kind o' family parlyment. I've a-been a-knockin' and a-knockin' and I couldn't shake myself heard."

"Come in and sit down," cried Cuff, with an important air, "if this is a parlyment I'm the speaker, and bein' the speaker, I'll have my say straight out. Me and my employer have a-come to a understanding, sir, and 'tis settled

as I'm to bide on at Vicarage, and there'll be no need for any of us to shift. Now, as I was explaining to Honesty, there's no sense in her goin' rushin' off and gettin' married all in a minute, more particular as you're wold enough to be her father, and a stranger to us all. There's no need for it, I say, us can all bide as us be."

"Ye see, 'tis this way, Mr. Shart," put in Mrs. Cuff anxiously. "Honesty mid perhaps wait a few months, her bein' so young—I'm sure she's wishful for to keep her promise to you, but the Reverend do seem to think it's been settled up in too much of a hurry, and of course if you be willin' to wait a bit I could get her a few things ready."

"Well, what do you say, Honesty?" said Zachary, who was sitting, leaning forward, a large hand on each knee, his rugged face lit up by the firelight.

"I say I'll keep my word to you to the letter, Zachary," she answered in a low voice. "Ye was ready to take me when ye thought I was homeless and a beggar. That's enough for me, and I'm not a-goin' to wait, neither. I've a-told you I be ready and I be ready. And as father do seem to ha' made a

muddle o' things about the weddin', I d' 'low ye'd best step up to Vicarage yourself and settle about the banns."

She half stretched out her hand as she spoke, but Zachary sat motionless, his hands still resting on his knees, his thoughtful gaze fixed on the blaze.

"'Tis true what the Vicar do say. It's been fixed up a bit in a hurry, and you be terrible young. I be willin' to wait and give ye a chance to know me better."

"I don't want to know ye better," said Honesty firmly; "you are a man what I can trust, and what I do trust. I wouldn't have agreed to have ye if I hadn't felt that. I'm glad as father and mother be better off nor what we looked for, but it makes no difference to me. Ye can take me now—I'd sooner ye did take me now," she added almost doggedly. "My mind's made up for the change, and I don't feel as I could settle down to the old life again here."

Zachary lifted the hand nearest him—it was the left—and solemnly took hers, shaking it warmly; he did not speak, but the close pressure conveyed all that he would have said; then he got up, nodded to the girl's parents, and went out.

The Times.

(To be continued.)

AT A JOURNEY'S END.

BY SIR SIDNEY LEE.

A little army of men and women has suffered me to lead them during the last two years over a stretch of land, which some hasty observers seem to think as easy to cross as a well-paved street, and others judge to be less manageable than a pathless wilderness. The wayfarers know that neither opinion is strictly true. Caution and toll are needed to make the foothold firm, but orderly tracks can be cut, although they must be rather narrow. At many points pitfalls

threaten. A false step, a wandering gait, may breed infinite trouble. The laws of the country prohibit any loose striding or haphazard digression. Yet if there be industry, vigilant control, obedience to discipline, recognition of a common cause and repression of selfish ambition, there is good reason to hope that home will be reached without mishap or reproach, even amid expressions of sympathy from bystanders.

This is not the first tour of the kind

that some of my comrades have completed with me. A few of us have gone together over similar ground before. But the journey which has just ended has been new to the majority of the travellers, and the route has somewhat differed from that of the former tours. In the first elation of completing a pilgrimage in safety, travellers are prone to rate too highly the merit of their exploits. Their self-satisfaction may well stir impatience in the onlookers, if they make for the Temple of Victory in gaily decked triumphal cars, and shout loud thanksgivings in the public ear. But a voyager, when he has just escaped from the heat and burden of the road, may, perhaps, without offence, muse in the Temple of Peace over some of his adventures, before the memory of them grows dim. Some small advantage for those who follow in our footsteps may attend a meditation on the methods and purpose of our recent march, and on some of the principles of conduct which we have tried to respect. My associates have worked with a zeal which it is grateful for me to acknowledge, but I speak here without consulting or committing them. The main responsibilities must needs rest on the guide's shoulders. None besides him keeps the whole field of operation quite continuously in sight; only he is at hand day by day to watch all the changing fortunes of the scene. His range of observation can alone be quite complete.

As I write, I am putting my "imprimatur" to the third and last volume of the Second Supplement of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. I trust that my figures of speech will be reckoned of relevance to my recent editorial labors and to the brief comment on them which I am hazarding here. My newest experience is alone my present theme. It is sad to remember that I am the sole survivor of the

original little band of active organizers who set the Dictionary on its road nearly thirty years ago; without intermission, albeit at the outset in a subordinate capacity, I have personally tended the giant from his infancy to his manhood, and none has shared the whole of that experience with me. The early stages of the undertaking barely touch the purpose of this paper, but it is right that I should recall—for public memory is often short—how this vast work was originally devised and carried out by George M. Smith, the friend and publisher of Thackeray and Browning, and the founder of the *Cornhill Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Smith did not count the cost of his enterprise. Nor was his public spirit rewarded in his lifetime. But he has taken his rank among national benefactors. A tablet in St. Paul's Cathedral now records the national service, and his portrait hangs in the National Portrait Gallery. Another name of the past claims tribute of me, that of my predecessor in the editorship, Sir Leslie Stephen. It is more than twenty-one years since I succeeded to Stephen's chair after an eight years' apprenticeship, and I am conscious of no abatement in my sense of indebtedness to him, whose name has just been inscribed by my pen on the great roll in the latest Supplementary volume. To his training I attribute whatever success has attended my endeavors to continue the traditions, which he inaugurated for the Dictionary, of comprehensiveness, conciseness, fairness, and independence.

II.

The Dictionary dates its theme from the first runnings of the river of national life some fifteen hundred years ago. Its essential value does not depend on the addition of those who have lately died; its importance as an aid to study and research is assured if it

stopped short of the present era. The scheme justly ignores the living. It treats only of the dead. A biography, however brief or summary, has no title to exist unless it be complete. and without the finishing touch of death every biographic record is a fragment. But, in the affairs of mortal men, death is never at rest, and the various categories in the Dictionary's store are expanding daily. Whatever other purposes the book serves, it is, first and foremost, a work of historic reference, a biographic register of successive holders of important offices, of successive workers in all manner of human endeavor, who have paid the debt of nature after doing something that was more or less noteworthy. There are always new links ready to be affixed to the many chains of achievement, which already make up the Dictionary, and the more links that are annexed, the more complete the undertaking grows. As far as was practicable, the book has hitherto sought to keep some pace with the march of the grim tyrant. When the original volumes were coming out at quarterly intervals in due alphabetical sequence, each volume admitted to its pages up to the latest possible date those whom death qualified for entrance. I remember that frequently the press was stopped so that recognition might be promptly accorded in the current issue to some name which fate had only just made eligible. In mid-May 1894, I recall how Dr. James Gairdner, one of the ablest of our historical contributors who himself passed away last month, hurriedly brought me word of the death of his brother-in-law, Professor Henry Morley, the literary historian. Dr. Gairdner persuaded me to insert a memoir of Morley in the thirty-ninth volume (Morehead-Myles), which was then passing through the press, and the notice was duly published just a month later (in June 1894). I remember, too, that an-

other of these late-comers was Roun-
dell Palmer, first Earl of Selborne, at
one time Lord Chancellor, who died on
the 4th of May 1895. His memoir ap-
peared in its due place in the forty-
third quarterly volume, issued at the
end of the following June. Such be-
lated arrivals caused printer and editor
a passing embarrassment, but I believe
their admission well served the in-
terest of the future. I do not think
that these rapidly compiled articles, or
others with a like history, which are
now embedded in the mighty mass, be-
tray much sign of haste in their com-
position. The mould which they fill
was cast for them beforehand, and the
expert contributor was able to pour in
the new metal so that it became barely
distinguishable from the old.

Though the original sixty-three quar-
terly volumes noticed numerous recent
deaths, the principle of alphabetical
arrangement led necessarily, in the
course of publication, to a steady
growth of arrears, more especially in
names beginning with the early let-
ters. These only allowed of Supple-
mentary treatment. When the original
issue was completed in June 1900, a
First Supplement was accordingly
planned to commemorate some 800
men and women of note who had fallen
by the way since the foundations of
the Dictionary were laid in 1886.
Queen Victoria died while the First
Supplement was in preparation. Her
day of death (the 22nd of January
1901) was made the last date qualify-
ing for admission, and none who died
after her were included. Now, after a
lapse of eleven years, there has been
a second garnering of fresh names, in
a Second Supplement which Mrs.
George M. Smith, the present propri-
etor of the Dictionary, has designed in
the same generous and enlightened
spirit which has distinguished the ven-
ture at all its earlier stages. Thus
the inevitable incompleteness of the

Dictionary's roll of the noteworthy dead has been checked once more.

The Second Supplement somewhat differs in scope from the First, although there is no fresh departure in method. An endeavor was made in the First to supply some 200 accidental omissions of the early periods. Thus the first Supplementary volumes which appeared in the autumn of 1901 did not gather systematically the harvest of any rigidly fixed number of years. A quite recent date of death was not the invariable passport to entrance. Apart from the waifs and strays of past centuries, the candidates were qualified by death in every year from 1886 to 1901 if the accident of the place of their names in the alphabet excluded them already. The new volumes, on the other hand, confine themselves exclusively to those who died within the very recent period which begins with the death of Queen Victoria on the 22nd of January 1901 and ends with the year 1911.

Boundaries so near at hand are in harmony with the original practice. The old traditions go on their way unchanged. The new volumes maintain the former statistical proportions between the persons commemorated and the general population. The number of new names amounts to 1635, bringing the tale of memoirs in the whole work to 31,755. Each of the last eleven years yields 150 recruits, and they come as before from all parts of the United Kingdom and of the British Empire. The tables of the aggregate annual mortality for the prescribed period show that, of every 4000 persons who died at adult age, one finds a place in the national biographic record. The same ratio of distinction (1:4000) prevailed throughout the nineteenth century according to the Dictionary's previous standards. But many as are the links between the new Supplement and the old, the Diction-

ary, while never shirking the difficulties of contemporary biography, has never pursued that path with all the new instalment's concentration. The experiment may well shed useful light on some of the nicer problems of biographical philosophy.

III.

A main object of collective or national biography is Priestley's Spartan aim in scientific exposition, "to comprise as much knowledge as possible in the smallest compass." No room is allotted to rhetoric or the language of emotion. Canon Ainger, who, like Stephen and many another contributor, finds commemoration in the present Supplement, declared that "no flowers by request" was the venture's true motto. Clearly the student looks to the Dictionary for facts and dates, without embroidery. The Dictionary is rightly expected to furnish means of correcting "the clock of history," which in detail often goes wrong; its function is that of

Timing [*sc.* events] more punctual, unrecorded facts

Recovering, and misstated setting right.

On the first page of his exemplary *Lives of the English Poets*, Dr. Johnson spoke scornfully of the vulgar confusion between "a life" and "a character." By "a life" the good Doctor meant a strict biographic record, and by "a character" a misty panegyric or a collection of vague impressions of personality. The Dictionary necessarily looks askance on the character sketch. Not that it disdains characterization, but there are well-defined limits beyond which its exposition of character may not stray. It is only the novelist or the dramatist who can turn to really profitable account the commonplaces of human psychology. The collective biographer is driven at many points of his work to accept the conclusion at which philosophers of

eminence have arrived before him that "the greater part of mankind have little character that distinguishes them from others equally good or bad"; the differences are signalized only by material exploits. The Dictionary silently assumes, unless the circumstances forbid, that a man possesses all the average virtues of a son, husband, or father; that he does his normal professional work with efficiency; that if he be a scholar or a professor he is shy in general society, though he can be genial among his intimates. I may not reveal how many times such observations have been offered me, and have been refused the honors of print. At the same time, distinctive marks of personality call for notice, especially in the memoirs of the more famous men and women. But even here conciseness is incumbent on the writer. The contributor has often to rely for the suggestion of distinctive personality on apt arrangement and presentment of facts and dates. No expansive canvas is offered him for the purpose of discriminating character. A few summary touches must suffice. It may be that a pertinent epithet and a critical note of brevity will be at times as helpful to the student as a voluble discourse.

All the principles and traditions of the Dictionary prohibit, in any fresh instalment, deviation from its original methods of biographic treatment. The newly dead can receive no consideration which differs conspicuously from that bestowed on their veteran predecessors. In the Dictionary's pages the newcomers join on equal terms men and women of previous ages in corresponding positions, and none are allowed isolated pedestals. While the area occupied by each career will vary with the scope and eminence of the achievement which calls for record, levelling processes are everywhere at work. "Sceptre and crown" keep company with "scythe and spade."

Lord Kelvin now meets on the same plane in the Dictionary all the fellow-workers of smaller fame, whose early co-operation helped on the triumphant discoveries of his later life. The opposing protagonists of controversy are sheltered together under the same roof. In the Second Supplement very few columns of type separate Robert Cecil, Lord Salisbury, the Conservative Prime Minister, from Michael Davitt, the Socialist revolutionary, or Cecil Rhodes, the active apostle of the Imperialist creed, from Goldwin Smith, the most relentless of its foes, or Leslie Stephen, the convinced agnostic, from Cardinal Vaughan. Such collocations are of the essence of the scheme, and could be matched a hundred times in the past volumes. Achievement of whatever color, magnitude, or epoch is measured by a single historic standard, and reduced to a common denominator. The call of homogeneity cannot be disobeyed without injury to what has gone before.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows.

IV.

The scheme may seem at first sight an ambitious tempting of fate and failure. The biographer of those who have lately died may well be told in Horace's words:

incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

The fire in the ashes is not yet extinguished, and there may be danger in walking too near. Have not the living friends of a lately departed hero or heroine power to thwart the cold and austere operations of historical adjustment? Will not family sensitiveness compass the suppression or distortion of crucial information?

One cannot dispute the Johnsonian maxim that "the necessity" of conforming to the sentiment of the moment

"and of sparing persons is the great impediment of [useful contemporary] biography." Yet I am inclined to question whether this "necessity" is unvarying, and whether concrete experience lends very much substance to the contention that sound principles of biography are inherently inapplicable to strictly contemporary experiments. Biography is of no genuine account unless it make for thoroughness and accuracy of statement, for an equitable valuation of human effort, and above all for honest independence of judgment. Detached and unfettered thought ought to play on the ascertainable facts. It is human to err in literary research; nor are the high altitudes of biographic discernment ever easy to scale. But the history of the art suggests that those heights are as superable, in favorable conditions, in the field of contemporary biography as in the province of the past. There seems on reflection only a delusive plausibility in the familiar maxims that a man's life should be postponed until time has finally pronounced on his merits or defects, and that his career can only be satisfactorily described in an atmosphere from which contemporary feeling has faded. The converse of these propositions seems better capable of proof.

Among sources of biographic information the personal witness will always hold the first rank, whether or no much of his testimony be enshrined in letters and papers. In every case there will be details of importance to efficient biography which live in the memory of friends and colleagues, and with lapse of time will either perish or will survive in distorted tradition. The personal knowledge which makes biography complete is "growing every day less, and in a short time is lost for ever." On such logical grounds the motto of sound biography would appear to be "the sooner the better"

rather than "the later the better." This is substantially the creed of Dr. Johnson, who may well be treated as the final authority on the theory and practice of biography. At the same time, the Doctor allowed that "if a life be delayed till interest and envy are at an end," a perfect impartiality is easier of attainment than at an earlier epoch. But on the other side of the account must be set the risk of sacrificing a satisfying completeness and a provable authenticity.

There really seems little disagreement on this score among the best practitioners. No law has fixed the precise interval which ought to elapse between the death and the appearance of the biography, but example as a rule shows that it is brief—often briefer than the average period which the Second Supplement of the *Dictionary of National Biography* accepts. Boswell began his *Life of Johnson* within a few months of the Doctor's death, and published it, despite its bulk, within seven years—before any serious inroad had been made on Johnson's circle as it was in his day. Five years intervened between the appearance of Lockhart's voluminous record and Sir Walter Scott's death. In recent times the interval has not grown shorter. Lord Morley's exhaustive *Life of Gladstone*, in much of which the biographer is himself the indispensable personal witness, was also issued five years after the statesman's demise. The current tendency is, indeed, towards a somewhat greater abbreviation. In the last two years there have been published some six or seven full biographies of prominent persons who died two years or so before the appearance of the biographic record. Some of these recent works are far from perfect specimens of the biographer's art. An early biography is not necessarily a well-executed biography. But most of the biographic ventures of our day are gen-

erous in their supply of private letters and papers which throw an inner light on character and events. There is nothing to show that anything would have been gained by delaying the compilation, and there are indications that postponement would have entailed the loss of personal testimony. The fruit of the biographical energies of our generation amply confirms the conclusion that the reminiscence of living contemporaries at first hand is the least dispensable ingredient. Broadly speaking, the balance of advantage seems greatly to incline towards early, as contrasted with late, biography. Had the *Dictionary of National Biography* been inaugurated at the beginning of the seventeenth century instead of the end of the nineteenth, there might possibly have come out a Second Supplement in which Michael Drayton or Ben Jonson might have noticed the career of their lately deceased contemporary, William Shakespeare. Thereby the wisdom of the world would have benefited to the end of time.

Any satisfactory account of a well-filled career must be eclectic. In almost all cases there are opportunities of selection and rejection, whencesoever the material be drawn and at whatever date the life be published. A somewhat heavier call will be made on the biographer's discretion when he deals with a contemporary career than when he treats of one long since closed. Living interests which are not to be ignored may in a contemporary biography counsel suppression or partial revelation which lapse of time makes a matter of indifference. No fixed principle can determine what suppression may be desirable. Each case provides its special circumstance. Tact in presenting the issue will often rob of offence many a disclosure which tactlessness may make harmful. But the determining factor is the substantive importance of the information to

the interpretation of the leading features of the career. If the value from this point of view be small, and the possible injury that the revelation may work in other directions be obviously great, the biographer's course is clear; he is bound to omit the doubtful detail. Due recognition of this law must help to solve most of the difficulties arising in biography from any genuine conflict between public and private interests. Where suppression is required, useful auxiliary guidance is offered by Cicero's wise dictum that when you are debarred from saying all that is true, you must say nothing that is false or that conveys a false impression. The contemporary biographer who works on these lines will not fall into serious error, nor is the argument for delay vitally affected by the implied limitation.

The credit of biography and the moral robustness of the community are alike disparaged by the assumption that the nature of the biographic task or social etiquette requires a biographer to record nothing save what the feeling of family or intimate associates approves. The right-minded biographer will not make light of domestic affection or private admiration, even where an impartial judgment detects extravagance. But no healthy code of ethics will suffer him slavishly to echo the sentimentalities of the family circle or social coterie. The biographer's historic sense is, moreover, bound at times to qualify in the light of his researches the contemporary estimate of a career. Every serious biographer, indeed, prays for "the happy talent" with which Cowper credited Johnson of "correcting the popular opinion upon all occasions where it is erroneous." The effort must, as in Johnson's case, give the impression of "justness of sentiment," and must convince the reader that the biographer "does not differ

from others through affectation, but because he has a sounder judgment" or a fuller knowledge. In any case no terms can be made with the fallacious belief that a man's public achievements and repute are the private property of family or colleagues. They are the man's gifts to the world and are at the world's service to be described and valued by efficient biography, in a spirit of becoming charity, but at the same time in a spirit of liberty and historic truthfulness.

V.

The restricted scale of collective biography, its comprehensive area, the necessary rigor of editorial control, should keep at a safe distance most of the perverse influences which tend to impair the sense of proportion or the just candor in individual biography. The rules of the Dictionary spare the national biographer many of the temptations which beset the independent worker. He may not administer praise or blame, save in extremely compact doses. Mere conventional eulogy is excluded, among other reasons, for want of space. There is no room for "lapidary inscriptions" or funeral orations which are never penned "upon oath," and often read to the next generation like vapid burlesque or (in Milton's phrase) "flattery and fustian." National biography which hopes for a long life should respect the needs of the future student and every precaution should be taken against the risk of misleading him. If the national biographer be equal to his work, he confines himself to "assured intelligence," and lets alone the unverified gossip of the passing hour. His comparative methods of study should beget a mood of detachment, and a fixed habit of modulated criticism. Although he is not likely to realize all his hopes, a resolute adherence to his principles may well be as beneficial to the future

renown of his hero as to the cause of history.

Fame, impatient of extremes, decays,
Not more from envy than excess of
praise.

The national biographer, when he is dealing exclusively with his contemporaries, is inevitably exposed to certain of the perils which dog the path of the individual worker in the field. If he is to perform his task thoroughly, he has to rely, like his fellow-laborer, on the personal testimony, both oral and written, of his heroes' friends or relatives, and they will sometimes quarrel with the first principles of his art. Private sentiment will on occasion question his right to independent judgment. Such embarrassments are not unknown in the history of the Second Supplement, but they are far less common than might be anticipated. The attempt has been made throughout to present the concrete biographic details with uniform precision. It is curious how often the available public sources of contemporary information overlook or leave in doubt the exact date or place of birth of a noteworthy man, his parentage, his school, the fact whether or no he were married or left issue, besides many particulars of wider moment. The pursuit of clues in all these directions has brought the compilers of the Second Supplement into a voluminous correspondence with hundreds of family circles. As a rule, the results have been satisfactory and have been reached without any sort of friction. There has rarely been reluctance to give the requisite help, and it has been rendered for the most part unconditionally.

Pride in finding that a relative has passed the test for admission usually loosens the flood-gates of family information, and the biographer is left to use it at his unfettered discretion.

The memoir which owes much of its substance to domestic intelligence may cause on its publication disappointment to the family by its brevity, by its modest estimate of the exploits or by its subdued key. Yet the sense of domestic satisfaction has in the aggregate, so far as I can learn, outbalanced any grievances. A study of family and "private" communications to the Dictionary goes far to justify the plea for early biography. It is clear that had the operations of the Second Supplement been postponed to a period when direct personal testimony would no longer be available, many a circumstance of biographic value might have passed into oblivion, or could only have been recovered at an almost prohibitive expenditure of labor. A like inference is to be drawn from the vast amount of cognate help rendered by public offices and by every kind of public institution. This assistance has often come from those in the highest positions, whose authentic knowledge has corrected some puzzling misconceptions. Such co-operation merits the heartiest expressions of gratitude from those who have the welfare of the Dictionary at heart, and it bears convincing testimony to the importance of the living witness.

It should be understood that a perfect readiness on the part of contemporaries to furnish information is not invariably commensurate with the efficient power. A kinsman or an intimate acquaintance of a noteworthy man will often fail to be of service from a defective exercise of memory or observation. The only hope will lie in a very prompt inquiry. I suppose that every biographical investigator has suffered the embarrassments of Dr. Johnson, who, when he was meditating a life of Dryden, obtained with difficulty introductions to the only two survivors among the poet's friends, and could only learn from one of them

that at Button's Club the poet sat by the fire in winter and at the window in summer, while the other could offer nothing beyond the bare statement that whenever a dispute arose in Will's coffee-house on literary matters appeal was made to "glorious John." Nor would it be difficult for writers in the Second Supplement to parallel another grievance of the Doctor, who called upon a female cousin of Pope to enable her to fulfil a promise of what she deemed to be valuable help. The biographer could gather from her nothing more pertinent than that her cousin was "vastly clever" and wrote, she believed, some famous plays. To Johnson's questioning the latter statement, the good lady admitted that perhaps she was thinking of Shakespeare, whose genius was to her mind hardly superior to her cousin's. Such proffers of help spoil the temper of a biographer. Yet he is bound, when his information is scanty, to neglect no chance of increasing his store, and the list of disappointments in his day's work will lengthen with delay.

VI.

My rule has been, while warmly welcoming bricks and mortar from kinsfolk, to decline the offer of near relatives to construct the memoir in which they have a family interest. The reasonableness of this regulation has not been seriously impugned, and I feel that the domestic censure, which a published article occasionally provokes, both from relatives who have been consulted and from those who have not, is a fairly complete justification of the procedure. Rare cases have arisen in which the estimate of the national biographer offends because it is higher than that of the family circle. Protests prompted by the more normal sentiments of domestic admiration keep one alive to the insidious perils of domestic partiality. A covert imputation is at

times suspected in places where to the external eye there is no room for it. It has more than once proved an offence to mention a father's humble though reputable calling, to state that a man left a university without a degree, even to record the fact and date of his marriage, or how he inherited nothing or how he left a gigantic fortune.

It is not, however, only from kinsfolk that discontent on private or personal grounds will occasionally spring. Colleagues and friends will not always be satisfied with the biographer's attempt to record without bias a hero's work. Some, indeed, will deem that a man receives more credit than he deserves, and that the portrait is insufficiently shaded. Others will complain that the dark colors are too heavy, or that they miss the conventional praises with which they are already familiar, or that they question the truth of certain statements. In a work of such encyclopaedic range some part of the varied criticism will be deserved. It has to be admitted that a certain proportion of inaccuracies, at any rate in facts and dates, escape the vigilance of the correctors of the press, despite all reasonable endeavors to guard against them, but the amount of error, when compared with the vast array of information, is, I think I may claim, insignificant. To every censure a respectful hearing is given, and whenever contributor or editor is convinced that a positive mistake has occurred, attempt is made to correct it at the first opportunity.

No editorial cushion can be free from thorns. In the case of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, it is not the critics who cause very many or even the chief embarrassments. From other quarters come unwelcome disquietudes. It is painful to send empty away hungry applicants for a kind of work for which the competition is keen; al-

though the supply is extensive, there is not enough of it to satisfy all comers. More than once the editor has been told, while the Second Supplement has been in preparation, that by giving a place in the Dictionary's gallery to some lately departed kinsman he would be assuaging a family's grief. The conditions made refusal obligatory; but to announce it was disconcerting. The editor's constant endeavor, too, to standardize achievement of all grades and in all branches of human effort is a fruitful source of anxiety. One seeks in vain for "some mechanical equivalent" of fame, so as to measure it, as physicists now measure physical energy, "in terms of some arbitrary unit." The editor has to look for guidance for the most part to an instinct bred of long application, and though fatal miscalculation may be avoided, there is much room for troublesome perplexity. The editor's daily duties are not easy to discharge with unerring efficiency. It is for him to adapt and proportion to the single scheme contributions from varied pens; he has to restrain the exuberance of enthusiasm, to test facts and dates, to reconcile conflicting statements on the same topic in separate articles from different hands; to guard against the omission of details essential to the plan, but liable to be overlooked at times by his coadjutors. The contributor will not always be grateful for the attentions which the editor habitually bestows on his manuscript. But my recent editorial experiences have furnished so many proofs of contributors' ardor and magnanimity that I take leave of them at the end of this journey with a lively sense of gratitude and regard. No editor could have less reason to be niggardly in thanks to all with whom he has been associated in the conduct of the enterprise.

If the toll over this Second Supplement has been severe and strenuous

for all of us—for contributors, editorial assistants, and editor—we may find some solace in a statistical inference which may be drawn from the contents of the three new volumes. Of the 1635 men and women commemorated there, almost all of whom have given proof of mental exertion and were fairly successful in the affairs of the world, the

The Nineteenth Century and After.

average length of life approaches seventy years. Nearly four hundred, indeed, died after their eightieth birthday, and of these four were centenarians. It cannot be unfair to conclude that sustained intellectual effort is no bar either to longevity or to a reasonable measure of happiness in the course of life's pilgrimage.

SHAKESPEARE'S BATTLE SCENES.

Dramatic art offers two problems which are well-nigh insoluble, and, in fact, have only been solved by two or three of the greatest dramatists: the problem of presenting in living fashion complex psychological phenomena and the inverse problem of indicating (not of presenting), with verisimilitude, complex physical phenomena, involving possibly the movements and the passions of thousands of men and women. It is with the latter problem that we propose to say something here. Foolish stage managers deceive themselves in their wonted modern fashion by thinking that they help Shakespeare's art when they pour hundreds of supers upon the stage. Shakespeare never intended any such thing. He knew quite well the limitations of the material in which he worked, and never dreamed of stage armies in his battle scenes. He knew quite well that while the dramatist must present psychological phenomena—must, in fact, clothe the unseen—he must unclothe and merely indicate by an irresistible mind-process physical phenomena. In *As You Like It*, even the wrestling scene is not before the audience. So in pictorial art the effort to represent the movement of numbers is rarely successful, unless suggestion is at work. Sir John Gilbert's picture of a mediæval army on the march, one of his latest works, was wonderful

from the success with which, with an economy of figures, he brought home to the mind an army of five hundred years ago winding its endless way over deserted moors.

Shakespeare fairly faces his difficulties, and states them through the mouth of *Chorus* at the opening of *King Henry V.*:

"But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unrais'd spirit that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring
forth
So great an object: Can this cockpit
hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we
cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?"

There is only one way to do it, the dramatist says; the onlooker must use his forces of imagination; must bear in mind that he is describing the shock of two great conflicting forces; must turn words into realities, give symbols their due value of place in the divine Arithmetic of Art. This is all very flattering to the imagination of the groundlings and the gentles, but it is Shakespeare who, by something akin to mesmeric suggestion, gives life to the forces of imagination. *Chorus*, at the beginning of each Act of *King Henry V.*, comes forward, and in wonderful words mesmerizes his audience. The artist almost smiles at the ease of it all:

"And so our scene must to the battle fly;

Where (oh, for pity!) we shall much disgrace—

With four or five most vile and ragged fools,

Right ill-disposed, in brawl ridiculous—
The name of Agincourt."

He seems to say with the conjurer: there is no deception; see, this is all I have to make my army with, these four or five villains. Then follows in a flash one of the most wonderful things in all art: the representation of the battle of Agincourt on the tiny open-air stage of the Globe Theatre in Southwark. It is worth while to make an effort to see how the dramatist produces his effects, though it is plain that his methods are inimitable. The first point is, as has been already said, the witchcraft of *Chorus*. He claims to be a wizard:

"The King is set from London; and the scene

Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton—

And thence to France shall we convey you safe,

And bring you back, charming the narrow seas

To give you gentle pass."

We see the English army crossing the Channel:

"Play with your fancies; and in them behold

Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing:

Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give

To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,

Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,

Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,

Breasting the lofty surge: oh, do but think

You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing:

For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow."

We see the midnight passage; we hear the booming of the cannon, and feel the fate of Harfleur. As *Chorus* is stopping, actual guns are fired behind the stage, and suddenly King Harry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, and the five ragged soldiers, with grappling irons, are on the scene; and we know that ten thousand more are pouring to the assault to the cry of "God for Harry! England! and Saint George!" And again it is night, the night before Agincourt. In these days, when the news of terrible and wonderful things is pouring across the seas from the Byzantine coasts, who can fail to realize the perfect truth and melancholy magic of the words of *Chorus*:

"From camp to camp through the foul womb of night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch;

Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames

Each battle sees the other's umbered face."

The very quietude of it all, with the threat underlying the audible silence, is the magic of truth. We feel the misery of the ragged English band of heroes waiting for the narrow chances of the morn. We see in the dusk of dawn:

"The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent.

A largesse universal like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear."

We are presently put into possession of the very mind of the King, and feel with him the sense of responsibility and the intolerable weight of leadership. We feel at last, fully enough, "what watch the King keeps to maintain the peace." The magic of suggestion is everywhere. If a stage could hold the very armies of England and

France, we could not feel the fact of Agincourt as we do from the play as written.

But the art of suggestion is supplemented in wonderful fashion by the art of realism. Real armies would give us no realism. Shakespeare takes half-a-dozen real elements of the army, and makes us know them better than we know ourselves. Knowing them as we do, suggestion multiplies them into the ragged host that won and nearly lost Agincourt. The currish Corporal Nym, Lieutenant Bardolph and Ancient Pistol; the sturdy, stubborn, common soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, Michael Williams; the brave and skilled officers, Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamy; the heroic boys who died guarding the camp: we know them all. We know, too, from the famous Falstaff scenes in *Henry IV.* how the army was recruited; we all know Ralph Mouldy, Simon Shadow, Thomas Wart, Francis Feeble, Peter Bullcalf. Out of such stuff, somehow or another, King Harry built up his indomitable army. And there is heroic stuff to build from, and it comes from all quarters: there are Welsh, Irish, Scottish, English; there are the sweepings of London, there are lads from the plough. We hear the chatter of the camp, the roar of the guns, the rush on the walled towns. We are taken not only into the King's mind, but into the mind of the common soldier. Into the mind of the camp boys: we see their point of view, their trust in the commander, their yearning for a good cause, their fears, their heroism. Before we reach the morn of Agincourt we know the armies by heart, and suddenly we are listening to the deathless speech:

"Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day; then shall our names,

Familiar in their mouths as household words—

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.

This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.

And gentlemen in England now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurst they were not here;

And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

The magic of battle is in the heart of the listener. It is not the stage of the Globe he is looking at. His heart is far away on the field of fame, the field of slaughter, of slaughtered prisoners, slaughtered camp boys, plundering ruffians; the field gilded with the shining dead, the silent armored peerage of France;

"Ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain. . . .

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

The rest are princes, barons, lords,
knights, squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all."

Shakespeare does more to re-create Agincourt than all the histories that ever were written. The clash and crash of war, its splendor, its sordidness, the roll of battle, the rise and fall of hope, the sense of the need of leadership, of discipline, of heroism, the horribleness of war, the spiritual side of war, the self-sacrifice that it involves, the fellowship that it creates

("we kept together in our chivalry"): all are revealed as vividly in this old picture of an ancient battle as though it told of events happening to-day in the stricken lines of Tchataldja. Vivid realism in salient details, combined with a magical and generalizing wave of suggestion, enable the little stage to hold the entire turmoil of a decisive war and to present the crash of armed hosts, the rise and fall of nations. But it was not only Shakespeare that achieved the miracle. It was the genius of the language. In the late sixteenth century the English language was capable of results that it is perhaps not capable of now. A war correspondent, describing the battle of Omdurman, found that it was described for him, as he saw the desert cumbered with the bodies of white-robed dervishes and preachers, by the sixty-eighth Psalm: "Kings with their armies did flee, and were discomfited: and they of the household divided the spoil When the Almighty scattered kings for their sake: then were they as white as snow in Salmon."

When we turn to Shakespeare's later battle scenes (such as occur in *Oymbeline*) we find the same art, the same methods devoted to even severer tasks. In *Julius Caesar* the movement of a few figures before the tent of Brutus, the wonderful night scene in his tent, the mysterious summons to meet dead Caesar at Phillippi, the fleeting glimpses of the wavering battle (one whole scene consists of but six lines, in which Brutus reveals his counter-attack), leave the impression of an immense battle-field and of the smiting of innumerable hosts. Yet it is all performed by a few ragged ruffians on Bankside. In *Macbeth* the battle scene is indicated with a parsimony of men that is rendered necessary by the fact that here Shakespeare is performing the double miracle of presenting a psychological problem of immense complexity at the

very time that he is suggesting a battle scene. Yet we have no doubt that we are on the field, and that the man who had been "infirm of purpose," in the days and months following the murder of Duncan, is now robing himself with manhood in the pulse of battle: "Give me my armor"—

"Arm, arm, and out!

If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying
here.

I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were
now undone—

Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow wind!
Come wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our
back."

Almost the impossible is achieved: we *feel* the raging of the battle; we *see* the great tormented heart of a man who so nearly touched greatness. We may doubt if the technique of dramatic art has ever reached greater perfection than in the last act of *Macbeth*. But in saying this we are forgetting *King Lear*. In that greatest of all tragedies the battle scenes are the machinery of the psychology; and yet the scenes are mental suggestions, while the terrible soul-problem is presented not by suggestion, but by action. The suggested roar and clamor of the battle is the roar and clamor of conflicting, of terrible, minds, and we see these minds at work in awful deeds. Over the person of the dead Cordella the two problems of suggesting the battle struggle and of presenting the soul-struggle are commingled. Here the reader, the spectator, has forgotten all about this present world: he is in the very heart of the tempest and tornado of physical and spiritual war. His own consciousness is absolutely lost in this terrific spectacle of battle; of battle round the pure and perfect form of the divine Cordella: of battle that must be to the death—there is no other way; of battle

where there is no quarter, where all the forces of hell and erring humanity are loose, and night and death fall like a curtain on the din and turmoil of lost and struggling souls:

The Contemporary Review.

"Howl! Howl, Howl, Howl!—Oh you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—
She's gone for ever."

J. E. G. de M.

CHRISTMAS WITH JOHN HONORIUS.

BY HIS HONOR JUDGE PARRY.

"The Christmas Dinner needs no other Garnish than Peace and Goodwill."

"The Sayings of John Honorius," 1685.

If it had not been for my love of gasteropod mollusks I should never have become intimate with the late Lord Livingstone, and could not possibly have learned the true story of Cobley's journey on Christmas Eve in which that strange personality John Honorius played so characteristic a part. Henrietta Fulshaw was a cousin of Mrs. Black-Brooks, and her version of it I heard at second-hand early in the New Year.

Lord Livingstone, like myself, was a snail-lover and collector. He became President of our Surbiton Snail Society, and when I showed him my modest yet perfect collection of the *Helicidae* the lord disappeared in him and we were as brothers.

To me the snail has always been a vast scientific problem of whorls and spires and peristomes, and in appreciation of these things his lordship was more than my equal. But to his literary and poetic mind there was a perfection of dignity in the movement of the snail, the rhythm and tempo of which were in correct harmony with his own ideas of orderly government. It was this quality in him that made his appointment to the Dilatory Office so satisfactory to the nation.

I was dining with his lordship at the Scientific Societies Club—we had been talking mollusks—when he waved the potatoes away with a sigh, saying "The potato without patience is pulp."

"You know John Honorius?" I cried

eagerly, for I had heard the saying from Colonel Black-Brooks.

"I have known that wonderful man for many years," replied his lordship gravely. "He is a good man."

It is curious that I, who have never been privileged to meet him, should have been able by accidents of friendship to piece together many stories of his strange and gracious charity. This story of Cobley would have been difficult to credit had not the main features of it been vouched for by Lord Livingstone and corroborated by Henrietta Fulshaw.

Everard Cobley, C.B., was Assistant Under-Secretary in the Dilatory Office. Traditionally morose towards the members of the public during office hours, he exercised a charming tact towards his superiors. When Lord Livingstone—then over eighty—became Secretary of State, he bought all his lordship's literary works—including the "Life of Luther" in ten volumes—and read them sparingly and talked about them widely.

One afternoon when he and his chief had spent several hours together settling that famous Dilatory dispatch to Nova Scotia, the old man turned round and said to Cobley with light-hearted curiosity: "I hear you are a reader of my books."

"Every one of them is on my shelves," replied Cobley with honest enthusiasm.

"And your favorite?" asked his lordship with an anxious smile.

"Luther," replied the other authoritatively; "undoubtedly Luther."

"Strange," said his chief; "I so seldom hear that said."

"I have only one criticism to make on Luther," continued Cobley.

"And that is?"

"It is too short."

Lord Livingstone looked up at the simple honest face of his subordinate, and taking him by the hand said: "Mr. Cobley, I thought I was the only person who knew that. You are a man of discernment."

It was in the next list of honors that Everard Cobley got his "C.B."

And this joyous disposition, this endeavor to make the best of the worst and to heighten the pleasure of his neighbors, Everard Cobley carried into the wider world where friends and relatives were always glad of his smiling presence. Cobley was a believer and an optimist. He had no part in the crabbing jaundiced spirit of modern times, and though he felt that he was, as the "Book of Sayings" has it, "standing on an Island of Joy washed by the Waves of a Sea of Troubles" he knew that there was enough of solid land to last his time and he was happy.

Alone in his flat in Bloomsbury with his fire and his books or a few friends to dinner and a quiet rubber, his best wants were gratified. Very regular were his out-goings and his in-comings, and most regular of all were his holidays. In the spring a fortnight in the Riviera, in September three weeks in Switzerland, and Christmas—that was always spent with his brother, Denvers Cobley, of Cobley End, in the north of Lancashire.

If there was any one thing that Everard Cobley would have confessed to as the greatest delight in life it was the old-fashioned keeping of Christmas. The misrule of an old-world Christmas at a country house was the necessary

rhythmic break in the symmetry of his life. From January to December he looked forward to his annual visit to Cobley End. And who that has been of the party could not tell you what glory he added to the festival with his fun and high spirits? The heads of the Dilatory Office would never have recognized their model Assistant Secretary as he romped with the children as King of Christmas, led off the ball in the kitchen facing the cook in Sir Roger de Coverley, played in charades, mixed the punch, and sang carols till the midnight chimes from Cobley Steeple sounded the retreat bedward. Everard Cobley had once told Colonel Black-Brooks, who often quoted the thought, that Christmas at Cobley was spiritually to him what Harrogate is to others physically. It cleared away any clogging envy, hatred, and malice lingering in the system, and restored a sufficient quantity of the hungry microbes of childhood to keep down the poisonous germs of old age.

"You may take away all my other holidays," he said, "but Christmas at Cobley I cannot give up."

The blow came at the beginning of December. For some days it was noted in the office that Cobley was not as cheery as usual. When he entered the chief's room no smile preceded him. He was listless and dull. His lordship's question as to what he thought of his essay in *The Fortnightly* on "The Hesitancy of Dissent" only brought forth the bald statement that Cobley had not read it.

Lord Livingstone frowned.

"You are not yourself, Mr. Cobley. Just now when the Dilatory Office is being attacked on all sides, and they are clamoring for us to finish things up before Christmas, we want to be at our best. Remember our motto, 'Prevention is better than Cure.'"

The word Christmas was the trigger that set him off. Confession is good

for the soul, and he poured out his woes to his kind-hearted chief.

There was to be no Christmas party at Copley End. His brother had written and it was finally determined. The family did not want Christmas. The son and heir was going north to a shooting party, some of the girls were going to Leicestershire for hunting, and the younger ones wanted to come to town and do the theatres. Aunt Margaret had gone to Monaco and was not coming back, and Fred and his family were off to North Berwick for golf. "After all, my dear Everard," his brother concluded, "Christmas is quite played out, and of course we shall expect you to dinner at the Hotel Magnifique on the twenty-fifth."

Copley consigned the Hotel Magnifique and all its splendors to a geological stratum below the Lewisian gneiss. "I had rather eat my Christmas dinner in——"

"A railway train, for instance," interposed his lordship hastily.

Copley always referred to that phrase as a possible instance of second sight. Lord Livingstone's mother was Scots.

When he had heard his friend's trouble Lord Livingstone pushed aside the State papers on the desk before him. In the face of so great a private sorrow he had no appetite for public work. For an hour or more he sought to console him in trying to hit out a plan for his Christmas, but no inspiration came to either of them. Livingstone Hall was let and his lordship was to be in the doctor's hands at Buxton. Copley was deeply grateful, but left his chief's presence as despondent as he had entered it, and Lord Livingstone shook his head sorrowfully over Copley's misery as he strolled down Pall Mall to the Club.

He was lunching with the young Earl of Potash and the conversation—as talk often does—turned on the inner man and how best to secure comfort

in that region without disaster. His companion happened to mention quails *à la Chaponay*, when Lord Livingstone sprang up from the table and called for some note-paper. A note having been thoughtfully worded, and sent off by special messenger, his lordship resumed his luncheon.

"It was your mention of quails made me think of him."

"Think of whom?" asked his friend.

"John Honorius," replied Lord Livingstone. "You remember Copley. Well, he is mad about Christmas—puddings—mince-pies—snap-dragon—and now he is in despair because there is no house party for him. I could not console him, but John Honorius can. I've never known him to fail. To-morrow you will see an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*: 'Will J. H. call on Everard Copley? Livingstone.' If John Honorius is still alive, the thing is done."

"But why not send him a wire?" asked the mystified Earl.

"I do not know where he lives," replied Livingstone, "nor indeed have I met anyone who does. We know that he reads the *Telegraph* and sets out to help and console those in distress."

"And what has this extraordinary friend of yours to do with quails?" asked his friend.

"Do you mean to say I never told you about John Honorius and the Quail of Ptomania?"

The young Earl shook his head in somewhat dismal expectation, but at the end of the story assured Lord Livingstone with evident sincerity that his tale absolutely "took the biscuit."

And when it was finished it was after three o'clock, and as it was too late to go back to the office Lord Livingstone left his friend and drove home to Kensington.

It was the evening of the 15th of December. A fog hung over Blooms-

bury. Cobley, after a lonely dinner, sat wearily by the fire. He had himself decanted a bottle of 1878 Lafitte, but it had no savor for his sore heart. Still he poured it out mechanically and gulped it moodily. His mind went back to the Christmases of bygone years. When he was a little boy, and thirsted for cream and crackers. When he was fourteen, and drank healths in his first glass of champagne. When he was sixteen, and kissed his cousin Henrietta under the mistletoe and stole her sky-blue hair-ribbon and slept with it under his pillow. The ghosts of his former-selves and the wraiths of forgotten Christmases hung round his foggy dreams. And here he was, an old fogey, alone and forgotten; and there was his cousin Henrietta Fulshaw, a widow, also alone in the world; and though to-day they were still cousins and friends, it seemed a pity that years ago the first romance of his life had not materialized. "For now," he said to himself, "I am derelict and alone, and no one will ever bid me to a Christmas party again." And at that moment—truth being the stranger—in he came, a little figure of an old man with a wealth of white hair, a neatly cut beard, a kindly smile and under his arm a fiddle-case.

"Peace be to this flat," he said in a mellow voice, using his thoughtful brown eyes as a search-light into Cobley's soul. "And tell me," he added softly. "Where do you spend Christmas?"

"I do not spend Christmas," said Cobley with tragic gloom, "Christmas is spent."

The old man shook his head with a negative of solemn laughter.

"And who are you, sir?" asked Cobley.

"John Honorius, a friend of your friend Livingstone. I come to bring you comfort."

Cobley waved comfort aside with one

hand and with the other pushed the decanter towards his guest deprecatingly, saying, "It is only seventy-eight."

"Thank you," replied John Honorius, "but not to-night. We have to think this out. Remember the words of my great ancestor in the 'Book of Sayings': 'Drink is a Solution, but not the only one.' Come, tell me all your sorrows."

Then John Honorius snapped out the electric light and they sat in the rosy fire-glow, and Cobley wandered forth into the past and produced it at any length in stories of old Christmases he could remember, and the little man picked out his fiddle and illuminated Cobley's tales with carols and hymns until the last drop of Lafitte was drained and Everard Cobley was glorified by the betterment of sympathy and wine.

If John Honorius had pride in his disposition it sprang from a sense of the abnormal strength of his power of listening. He remembered the wisdom of the "Book" wherein it is written "There is more sympathy in the Ear than the Tongue"; and again, "Learn to absorb the out-pourings of the Sorrowful: it is Comfort."

The clock in the hall chimed twelve and was dimly echoed from neighboring churches.

"Christmas is begun," said John Honorius joyfully.

"What do you mean?" asked Cobley.

"To-day, in the Prayer-Book Calendar, is *O Sapientia*, the 16th December, and the learned Dr. Parr opined that on this day Christmas began and you might honestly eat a Christmas Pie."

"I would have ordered mince-pies had I known."

"Christmas Pies, if you love me, unless you would be thought a Puritan."

Cobley accepted the correction, and knew he was in the presence of a Master who honored the ritual of Christmas.

And John Honorius took the hand of his acolyte and they swore a bond to begin Christmas that morning and to see it through until Twelfth Night, when the feast ends.

"For I would go anywhere with you, little man," said Cobley endearingly, "since I can see that you are a good sort and love Christmas. But what are we to do?"

"You know Brander, the Official Trustee?"

Cobley nodded.

"He is troubled about two orphan children. Heaps of money and a fine place in Scotland, Castle Grample. Now I have promised to go and give the poor things a real Christmas. I want you to come with me. They have no uncle. You cannot have a real Christmas without an uncle. I cast you for the part. Will you come?"

"Agreed!" cried Cobley joyfully.

"Five-thirty Euston on Christmas Eve, remember!"

"Right!" said Cobley, for at that moment anything seemed right.

And John Honorius, by way of obligation as it were to seal the contract, drew out of the long pocket of his coat a paper bag of Christmas Pies, and the warm aroma that stole out into the room drew tears of joy to the lips of Cobley expectant.

"Where did you buy these?" he asked, as he finished the third with a sigh of satisfaction.

"They were not bought," said John Honorius, simply, "they were created."

And Cobley ate the last of them with closed eyes in reverent silence.

It was after five o'clock on Christmas Eve. The snow was drifting and whirling along the dry pavements. Cobley, punctual, found a carriage engaged for John Honorius and he stamped about the platform to keep himself warm, bought all the Christmas numbers, tipped all the guards, inspectors, and porters within reach,

and now he was wrapped in his rug in his favorite corner and it wanted but three minutes to the hour of departure and there was no John Honorius. It was an absurd position, for he did not even know the station he was bound for.

As he was wondering what course he should pursue he saw running along the platform a real Father Christmas with a large white beard, a rosy face and bushy eyebrows wearing the orthodox long red coat trimmed with white fur sprinkled with real snow and on his head a soft pointed cowl. In his arms he hugged a large Christmas tree and he was followed by half a dozen porters laden with boxes of all sizes, basses of fish, turkeys and geese, barrels of oysters, and hampers of wine. He came along to Cobley's carriage in breathless haste.

"You can't get in here, sir, this carriage is engaged," objected Cobley.

"You'll be engaged before you get back home, perhaps," said the Father genially as he pushed his way in and thrust his Christmas tree on the rack above Cobley's head. "On Christmas Eve I go wherever I like."

The porters hurled the parcels and hampers into the carriage, Father Christmas threw them a handful of shillings and the train moved slowly out of the station.

"Narrow squeak, but I forgot the crackers and had to go back for them," said the old man pulling a big fur rug over his knees.

The steward of the dining-car put his head in from the corridor and grinned with delight at Cobley's companion.

"Any gentlemen for dinner at seven?"

"Any dinner for gentlemen at seven? I know the cook on this train. Under guidance, he is not impossible. You send him to me."

"If you know our cook, sir, you'll

know that he's a Welshman, and since the present government came in he thinks no small potatoes of himself. I don't think it's much good my telling him to come along here, sir."

"You do as you are told," said Father Christmas, giving him a couple of half-crowns. "Get a basket of holly and mistletoe out of the van and decorate the dining-car, and tell my little friend Taffy to come and see me, John Honorius, about the dinner."

"My dear sir," said Cobley seizing him by the hand. "Splendid. I didn't know you."

"Now that flatters my vanity," said Honorius smiling. "It isn't half bad, is it?" and he peered proudly in the long glass below the rack. "Sorry we had to travel on Christmas Eve, but it couldn't be helped, and we will do our best to keep it properly. When I had arranged with you for an uncle I had to find an aunt for the children. She went forward yesterday. Holloa! Here is our friend Taffy."

"Dear me, but it is good to see you," said the little cook, wringing him by the hand. "I tell you this, sir," he went on, turning to Cobley. "When Mr. Honorius stayed in our little inn at Penillion he taught my Mother to cook swedes and Mother would not eat them for a long time, for she said they were only fit for cattle and sheep. 'Call them by a long name, call them *rutabaga*' says he, 'and make them into soup.' So Mother did that and said they were sent home by John Henry, who was at sea. And people came miles to taste our *rutabaga* soup, and there was a lot of talk about it, I tell you. And Mother wanted to send Mary Ellen, our maid, away from the house; but I didn't want her to go. So Mary Ellen she threatened to tell the visitors all about this wonderful vegetable they made into soup which John Henry sent from over the sea, and Mother says to me 'How shall we stop

her?' There was no other way whatever. I had to marry Mary Ellen."

He laughed merrily at the thought. Cobley remembered the Penillion inn and the wonderful soup. The Countess of Pwllbell had motored him forty miles to taste it.

John Honorius cast his eye over the menu.

"How is your pudding?" he asked gravely.

"I made it myself, sir," said the little cook.

"Right. Then the pudding will do—also the soup and the sirloin, but the rest is off."

The little Welshman uttered no complaint. He stood at culinary attention whilst the General of the Table gave the orders for the attack.

"This must be a Christmas Eve dinner and you must surpass yourself."

The little cook bowed.

"There is a fine cod-fish in that bass. In olden time it was

the sammon, King of fish,
That filled with good cheer the Christmas dish.

Seasons are altered and I had rather an English cod than a Dutch salmon. You will find all you want here. Oysters, sausages, almonds, nuts, apples and Christmas pies in the cardboard box on the rack. Carry them carefully. How many diners on board?"

"About fifteen or so."

"They all dine with us, you know. Champagne for dinner, and I mix the punch afterwards."

The dinner was a great success. Holly and mistletoe hung in festoons about the car, and the crowning moment was when John Honorius carried in the Boar's Head followed by the cook in his native costume and the steward in cap and bells. Cobley gained great praise for starting "The Boar's Head in hand bring I," which was sung with wild enthusiasm. And when the

pudding had been duly baptized in brandy and fire they all crowded round and eagerly watched John Honorius mixing the punch in a huge bowl and babbling eagerly of the ceremony.

"To-night, gentlemen," he said with grace, dignity, and solemn purpose, "I shall give you 'Punch.' Here in my hand is a bottle of arrack made in India from rice and the sap of many palms and kept for more than half a century waiting for this moment. A pagan liquor turned to Christian uses. To this we add sugar, spice, lemon, water. But note that there be but five ingredients. Punch, indeed, is the visible representative of the mystery of five. Punch must be four and one added, as you may read in 'Yi Ching,' or the 'Book of Changes,' which was published twelve centuries before the first of our Christmas Eves. And when you brew Punch, remember any one element may replace another—so that there be not more than five, for if the ancient quinary constitution of your mixture is absent you may have an intoxicating beverage, but it is not Punch, and it has been said that your five senses and five wits cannot be hampered by the Punch of five elements, but that I think may only be true if you deny yourself more than five glasses."

And as they drew slowly out of Crewe station the punch was brewed and ladled out, and John Honorius pulled his fiddle out of its case, and sitting on the centre table in the dining-car trolled out to an easy lilting tune:

Holly and Ivy made a great party
Who should have the mastery

In lands where they go.

Then spake Holly: "I am friske and jolly,

I will have the mastery

In lands where they go."

Everyone caught the refrain and they raised the roof of the dining-car.

"This is altogether against the rules,"

said the guard, who was going his rounds.

"There are no rules on Christmas Eve," shouted Father Christmas. "I am your Managing Director to-night, my good man. Mix our friend a glass of punch."

Cobley, who presided over the punch, mixed a jorum for the guard and another for himself, and they clinked their glasses and wished each other a Merry Christmas. And when the guard had finished his punch and the last notes of the Holly Carol had died away he himself burst out in a fine baritone—

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay!

When they came to the refrain—

O tidings of comfort and joy!

the notes of it reached the engine-driver and he and the stoker joined in as they stared out into the night. And now one offered "Good King Wenceslas," and another remembered this jovial anthem, and another that, and the punch went round merrily and there was no one who had not joy in his heart and song on his lips. And as they tolled up the heights of Shap, the lonely signalman leaning out into the frosty night to listen for the village cocks—

For as he did in part believe,
They crow all night on Christmas Eve—

heard instead the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" coming with glorious abandon from the dining-car of the slowly ascending train.

"That is better than cock-crowing," said the signalman as he shut his window and went back to his little fire. "That makes a fellow feel better inside."

When all was over and they went jolting along the corridor back to their compartments everyone agreed that it had been a Christmas Eve worthy of

the best traditions. As the little Welshman said to the steward when they got to the washing up: "*Rhagorol iawn!* Magnificent! still it is better much that Christmas comes but once a year."

It was sunrise when Copley woke up in his corner and opposite to him sat John Honorius, a grave little man dressed once more in his homely grey suit. He pulled down the window and pointed to the east.

"Do you see that?" he said quietly to Copley, who rubbed his eyes and looked out. "The same star that the Wise Men saw and were wise enough to follow. Wonderful, is it not? Just under the hill is Grample Castle. We have a three-mile drive."

The train slowed up.

"It almost makes me feel," said Copley gazing reverently at the beautiful The Cornhill Magazine.

star, "that something stupendous is going to happen."

"Very likely. Very likely," said John Honorius genially, as he put his head out of the window. "But here is our station. Why, I declare she has driven down to meet us." He drew his head back into the carriage beaming with delight. "Jolly good of her, I call it. But I rather thought she would."

"Thought who would?" asked Copley puzzled.

"Why the lady who is going to play aunt to your uncle," said John Honorius.

And as Everard Copley stepped out on to the little wayside platform the first to wish him a Merry Christmas was Henrietta Fulshaw.

P.S.—Yes. *It ended happily.*

THE PATRIOTIC SONGS OF INDIA.

By MR. SAINT NIHAL SINGH.

When the Europeans first came to India they found the people of the country extremely deficient in one particular—they had no patriotism. Indeed, the babel of vernaculars lacked a simple, single, word to express this sentiment, bungling phrases being required to voice the emotion. One result of contact with the Occident has been the development of this feeling in Indians. The dialects now possess specially-coined terms, while the word "patriotism" is on the lips of every English educated person in the country. Fifty years ago bards sprang up who sang sonorously of patriotism, though after a while their songs fell into disuse. In the last few years, however, the people have turned to these singers again, for their souls have been touched by unrest.

new spirit has revived, the most popular is Bankin Chandra Chatterjee's "*Bande Mataram*" ("*Hail Mother*") which first saw the light of day in a book written in Bengali, *Ananda Math* by name, and which was published more than a generation ago. At that time the Bengalis were not ready for it, and for years it lay unappreciated and unsung. But in 1905 when Lord Curzon carried through the unpopular measure of partitioning Bengal, "*Hail Mother*" was at once taken up as the war-cry. The Bengalis went crazy over it, and the title of the song became a popular phrase of salutation. It still holds its empire over the hearts of the Bengalis, and, to a limited extent, over those of other Indians. During 1906 and 1907, when the agitation against the dismemberment of Bengal was most bitter, this lay caused some anxiety to the Government. But, as is ap-

Of all the patriotic ballads which the
LIVING AGE. VOL. LVIII. 3036

parent from the following free translation, there is nothing inflammatory in the words, which are sung to plaintive, minor music:

I bow to thee, Mother,
 Thou who art rich in streams, fruit
 and cool southern breezes,
 Whose fields are green with harvest,
 Whose nights are a-glitter with the
 sheen of silvery moonlight,
 Who art decorated with blossoming
 trees,
 Whose smile is radiant,
 Whose voice is musical and whose
 words are like sparkling jewels.
 Who fulfillest desires.
 Thou who dost strike terror with thy
 babel of millions of voices,
 And with the sharp swords of count-
 less arms,
 Who dares to call thee helpless?
 Thou who dost wield the strength of a
 multitude and repel hosts of enemies.
 Thou who art the saviour of thy peo-
 ples.
 To thee I bow.
 Thou art wisdom, thou art religion.
 Thou art the heart, the very core of
 our heart,
 Thou art the life-breath of our bodies,
 Thou art the strength of our arms.
 Thou art the plety of our hearts.
 In temple after temple we set up thine
 image.
 Thou art the goddess *Durga*, holding
 the ten weapons in thy hands
 Thou art *Lakshmi* (the goddess of For-
 tune), residing in lotus lakes;
 Thou art *Saraswati* (the goddess of
 Learning);
 To thee I bow.
 I bow to thee, *Lakshmi* the pure, the
 handsome, the smiling, the sincere,
 the be-jewelled, the Mother.

Just as it comes natural to the Ger-
 man to call his country the *Vaterland*
 so it is natural for the Hindu to regard
 his native peninsula as the Mother-
 land. Indeed, he virtually looks upon it
 as his mother. The subtle meaning of
 this is lost upon foreigners, who do not
 comprehend the feeling that an Indian
 cherishes for the woman who gave him
 birth. The mother is the most idolized
 person in the land. Therefore when

the Hindu typifies his country as such,
 he literally means that he gives his
 country the highest affection of which
 he is capable. Of all the patriotic songs
 which aim to express this sentiment,
 probably the most beautiful is the one
 composed by Rabindranath Tagore,
 who is perhaps the greatest living Ben-
 gali poet to-day. The English render-
 ing necessarily takes away some of its
 charm, yet leaves enough to show the
 writer's potent imagination:

Thou who dost charm the heart of all
 the world,
 Thou land gleaming with the golden
 glory of the sun,
 Thou mother of our fathers and
 mothers,
 The soles of whose feet are washed by
 the waters of the blue sea,
 Whose green skirts are fluttered by
 the breeze,
 Whose forehead, the Himalayas, is
 kissed by the skies.
 Who wearest the diamond diadem of
 the snows;
 It was in thy firmament that the first
 day dawned.
 It was in thy hermitages that the first
 hymns were sung.
 Words of wisdom, religion, poetry, his-
 tory, first
 Were preached in thy forest temples.
 Thou art blessed, the eternal dispenser
 of good.
 Thou dost distribute food from land.
 The Ganges and the Jumna are the
 milk of mercy flowing from thy
 breasts.

India is still a conglomeration of
 races refusing to realize their com-
 munity of interests, and utterly lacking
 in cohesion: but the poet has com-
 menced to dream of unity. This note
 of union is especially to be detected in
 the patriotic songs. Mrs. Sarala Devi
 Ghosal Choudhrani, B.A., made an at-
 tempt in 1901 to compose a song in
 which she linked together the different
 provinces and combined the watch-
 words of the various races and creeds
 —the *Har, Har, Har* and *Hari Morari* of
 the Hindus; *Dadar Hormuz* of the Par-

sis; *Allah-o-Akbar* of the Mohammedan; *Jai Jehorah* of the Indian Christians; and *Sat Sri Akal* of the Sikhs:

O my muse, recall the glory of past days and sing of Hindustan.

O my muse, stir the soul of this large audience, and sing of this large audience, and sing of Hindustan.

Sing of that name which sounds our strength and fame.

Bengal, Behar, United Provinces, Orissa,

Madras, Maharashtra, Gujerat, Nepal, the Punjab, Rajputana,

Hindu, Parsi, Jain, Christian, Sikh, Mussulman,

All sing, in all the dialects of India.

"*Namo Hindustan*" (I bow to Hindustan)

Har, Har, Har Hindustan!

Dadar Hormuz Hindustan! Allah-o-Akbar Hindustan!

"*Namo Hindustan.*"

O my muse, kill the spirit of disunion, And sing the song of unity.

O my muse, be the giver of great strength of body, mind, and soul.

Hari Morari Hindustan! Jai Jehoveh Hindustan! Sat Sri Akal Hindustan!

"*Namo Hindustan!*"

O my muse, inspirer of all men, sing the new tune.

O my muse, weld together a mighty nation, sing the new song.

Lift up the flag of activity.

Sound the trumpet of duty,

And rouse all hearts.

This was sung by the composer, on the first day of the Indian National Congress, in December, 1901. The chorus was chanted by four hundred volunteers. After the second stanza was sung, every person in the huge pavilion joined in the refrain. Such a scene was never before witnessed at the gathering.

Religion being the paramount force in India, and schisms and creeds being the agents that keep the various factions warring among themselves, some patriotic poets are endeavoring to make a god of Hindustan for all Indians to worship—a faith to which all the peo-

ple may subscribe. One of the most charming of these efforts is an invocation put into the mouth of an ascetic in a pageant which showed the magnificence of the rajas and emperors of the old days of Ind, and was performed at the recent exhibition at Allahabad. It ran:

O God! The Nameless under many names!

O Thou, the formless under many forms! The Silent, who art heard in many voices!

Through all the pores of Being take my prayer!

Be favorable to this ancient land, This Motherland of saints and holy men,

This land of hallowed hills and sacred streams,

Of sombre forests and sun-flooded plains;

This glory of the immemorial East, Whose dwelling is the splendor of the Sun;

Our Motherland, our home, our India. May all her many peoples live together Honoring one another quietly!

Bring her the peace that kings cannot bequeath,

The happiness that cometh not by wealth

Each in his own way, yet let each for all Work and let work, live and be good to life.

So let the self of each be India's self, And India each man's creed, and each man's race be India, India, India.

In another song we find the poet dedicating himself to the service of the Motherland:

To your cause I devote my body.

To your cause I devote my life.

For your sorrow my eyes shed tears.

This harp will sing your songs.

Though these arms are weak and incapable.

Yet they will do your work;

Though this sword is dark with rust

It will cut off thy bonds.

O Mother, even though my blood avail you nothing,

Yet I can shed it to wipe off the least stain on your name,

Or to allay the least of your sorrows.
O Mother, though there is no force in
this music of mine,
Who knows but some child of thine
may awake
By hearing these melodies!

Some of the patriotic odes of the last
generation were very plaintive. Here
is one composed by Rabindranath Ta-
gore that throbs with sorrow:

Who is it that constantly approaches
and retires
With eyes overflowing with tears?
Who is looking toward us with vain
hopes?
She is my Mother! She, is my Mother!

In the dark house what sad-faced one
has prepared the meals for us?
Whose is the food that no longer is
pleasant to our palates?
It is our Mother's! It is our poor
Mother's!

There is an undertone of shame in
the following short stanza, written
thirty years ago by Hem Chander
Bannerji:

Bugle, sound this tune!
"In this world every race is free,
All are alert with the pride of their
honor.
Only India is asleep."

The songs written during the last
few years show a marked difference.
In the new lays there is a note of jub-
lance and hope. The following was
composed in 1903; the poetess fancies
that India's face, which once was fair
like that of the goddess Durga, the pos-
sessor of ten hands, and the all-power-
ful ruler of the ten regions, has be-
come black and terrifying like that of
Kali, who is supposed to wear a gar-
land of skulls. She writes:

I bow to thee, I bow to thee, Mother
India!
Who allayest the sorrows of all,
Beneficent, good, a saviour,
Whose face has become darkened and

terrifying, like the countenance of
Kali.

Through sadness at the affliction of
India!

The darkness of cycles now has van-
ished.

Oh, thou lotus-complexioned Mother,
smile,

The earth once more is beautiful with
the light of hope and a heart rejuve-
nated.

The ship of time is bringing to us a
cargo of new life,

Smile, oh lotus-complexioned one.

Knowledge has come, prosperity and
valor will follow,

We shall see thee once more the happy
ruler of the ten regions.

Bengali, of all the Indian vernaculars,
seems to be the most replete with pa-
triotic songs, though the other dialects
are beginning to be enriched in the
same way. Kavi Narmadashanker has
left several stirring odes in Gujrati, the
following, written about 1865, being a
fair specimen of his art:

Let my countrymen awaken.

Let them ask for their rights and privi-
leges.

If my countrymen have any spark of
humanity left in them

They will surely demand the rights
that are theirs as human beings.

Even brutes do not fail to take revenge
on those who give them pain.

In this world the ideas of property,
personality, and self-respect are nec-
essary:

Those who do not ask for their dues
violate the laws of Nature—

Let them not be afraid of powers that
be.

Let them not sleep supinely with folded
hands.

Children have to ask what they want,
even from their mother.

Why not then ask for rights which
mean and cunning people try to ig-
nore?

Kings have waged wars for their
rights, and men have lost their lives
in the struggle for rights.

It is a sign of manliness to stand up
and demand our dues.

THE COLLECTOR.

When Peter Plimsoll, the Glue King, died, his parting advice to his sons to stick to the business was followed only by John, the elder. Adrian, the younger, had a soul above adhesion. He disposed of his share in the concern and settled down to follow the life of a gentleman of taste and culture and (more particularly) patron of the arts. He began in a modest way by collecting ink-pots. His range at first was catholic, and it was not until he had acquired a hundred and forty-seven ink-pots of various designs that he decided to make a specialty of historic ones. This decision was hastened by the discovery that one of *Queen Elizabeth's* inkstands—supposed (by the owner) to be the identical one with whose aid she wrote her last letter to *Raleigh*—was about to be put on the market. At some expense Adrian obtained an introduction, through a third party, to the owner; at more expense the owner obtained, through the same gentleman, an introduction to Adrian; and in less than a month the great Elizabeth Ink-pot was safely established in Adrian's house. It was the beginning of the "Plimsoll Collection."

This was twenty years ago. Let us to-day take a walk through the galleries of Mr. Adrian Plimsoll's charming residence, which, as the world knows, overlooks the park. Any friend of mine is always welcome at Number Fifteen. We will start with the North Gallery; I fear that I shall only have time to point out a few of the choicest gems.

This is a Pontesiori sword of the thirteenth century—the only example of the master's art without any notches.

On the left is a Capricci comfit-box. If you have never heard of Capricci,

you oughtn't to come to a house like this.

Here we have before us the historic de Montigny topaz. Ask your little boy to tell you about it.

In the East Gallery, of course, the chief treasure is the Santo di Santo amulet, described so minutely in his *Vindiciæ Veritatis* by John of Flanders. The original MS. of this book is in the South Gallery. You must glance at it when we get there. It will save you the trouble of ordering a copy from your library; they would be sure to keep you waiting. . . .

With some such words as these I lead my friends round Number Fifteen. The many treasures in the private parts of the house I may not show, of course; the bathroom, for instance, in which hangs the finest collection of portraits of philatelists that Europe can boast. You must spend a night with Adrian to be admitted to their company; and, as one of the elect, I can assure you that nothing can be more stimulating on a winter's morning than to catch the eye of Frisby Dranger, F.Ph.S., behind the taps as your head first emerges from the icy waters.

* * * * *

Adrian Plimsoll sat at breakfast, sipping his hot water and crumbling a dry biscuit. A light was in his eye, a flush upon his pallid countenance. He had just heard from a trusty agent that the Scutori breast-plate had been seen in Devonshire. His car was ready to take him to the station.

But alas! a disappointment awaited him. On close examination the breast-plate turned out to be a common Risoldo of inferior working. Adrian left the house in disgust and started on his seven-mile walk back to the station. To complete his misery a sudden storm came on. Cursing alternately his agent

and Risoldo, he made his way to a cottage and asked for shelter.

An old woman greeted him civilly and bade him come in.

"If I may just wait till the storm is over," said Adrian, and he sat down in her parlor and looked appraisingly (as was his habit) round the room. The grandfather clock in the corner was genuine, but he was beyond grandfather clocks. There was nothing else of any value: three china dogs and some odd trinkets on the chimney-piece; a print or two——

Stay! What was that behind the youngest dog?

"May I look at that old bracelet?" he asked, his voice trembling a little; and without waiting for permission he walked over and took up the circle of tarnished metal in his hands. As he examined it his color came and went, his heart seemed to stop beating. With a tremendous effort he composed himself and returned to his chair.

It was the Emperor's Bracelet!

Of course you know the history of this most famous of all bracelets. Made by *Spurius Quintus* of Rome in 47 B.C., it was given by *Cæsar* to *Cleopatra*, who tried without success to dissolve it in vinegar. Returning to Rome by way of *Antony*, it was worn at a minor conflagration by *Nero*, after which it was lost sight of for many centuries. It was eventually heard of during the reign of *Canute* (or *Knut*, as his admirers called him); and *John* is known to have lost it in the Wash, whence it was recovered a century afterwards. It must have travelled thence to France, for it was seen once in the possession of *Louis XI.*, and from there to Spain, for *Philip the Handsome* presented it to *Joanna* on her wedding day. *Columbus* took it to America, but fortunately brought it back again; *Peter the Great* threw it at an indifferent musician; on one of its later visits to England *Pope* wrote a

couplet to it. And the most astonishing thing in its whole history was that now for more than a hundred years it had vanished completely. To turn up again in a little Devonshire cottage! Verily truth is stranger than fiction.

"That's rather a curious bracelet of yours," said Adrian casually. "My—er—wife has one just like it which she asked me to match. Is it an old friend, or would you care to sell it?"

"My mother gave it to me," said the old woman, "and she had it from hers. I don't know no further than that. I didn't mean to sell it, but——"

"Quite right," said Adrian, "and, after all, I can easily get another."

"But I won't say a bit of money wouldn't be useful. What would you think a fair price, Sir? Five shillings?"

Adrian's heart jumped. To get the Emperor's bracelet for five shillings!

But the spirit of the collector rose up strong within him. He laughed kindly.

"My good woman," he said, "they turn out bracelets like that in Birmingham at two shillings apiece. And quite new. 'I'll give you tenpence.'"

"Make it one-and-sixpence," she pleaded. "Times are hard."

Adrian reflected. He was not, strictly speaking, impoverished. He could afford one-and-sixpence.

"One-and-tuppence," he said.

"No, no, one-and-sixpence," she repeated obstinately.

Adrian reflected again. After all, he could always sell it for ten thousand pounds, if the worst came to the worst.

"Well, well," he sighed. "One-and-sixpence let it be."

He counted out the money carefully. Then, putting the precious bracelet in his pocket, he rose to go.

* * * * *

Adrian has no relations living now. When he dies he proposes to leave the Plimsoll Collection to the nation, hav-

ing—as far as he can foresee—no particular use for it in the next world. This is really very generous of him, and no doubt, when the time comes,

Punch.

the papers will say so. But it is a pity that he cannot be appreciated properly in his lifetime. Personally I should like to see him knighted.

A. A. M.

THE VIOLENCE OF AMERICAN TRADE UNIONS.

The disclosures brought out in the trial at Indianapolis are chiefly of importance in so far as they are likely to help in modernizing, and also in humanizing, American thought on the general problem of labor. It has been proved that some trade union officials made it part of their policy to dynamite the works and buildings of "open-shop" contractors, and the offices and homes of known opponents of trade-union principles. Thirty-eight of them have been convicted and sentenced, and there can be no doubt that, after making every allowance for panic and prejudice, a vile and formidable conspiracy has been unearthed and broken up. The seat of the trouble has been in the Iron Workers' Association, the trade union of the men engaged in the erection of bridges and sky-scrappers. These men are the Ishmaelites among mechanics—roving, restless, and reckless. They live in bunk-cars and shanties by the side of the rivers across which they throw bridges. From city to city they drift, homeless wanderers, without kith or kin, rough men who risk their lives every day they go to work. It was no small feat to organize them into a union of any kind; and it was inevitable that, once organized, and given their own character, and the character of the National Erectors' Association—the employers' body, and bitterly hostile to trade unions—their career should be turbulent. The history of the organization since its foundation in 1896 is an epitome of the history of most labor troubles in the United States. Wherever the local unions prospered, there the employers

concentrated their attacks, maintained spies in the ranks and among the leaders, offered wages beyond the union scale to entice members away from the organization, and developed a microscopic system of blacklisting. Such violence as occurred during strikes was at first directed in the main against the "scabs" and blacklegs. Individual union workers would assault the men who refused to join in with them. Out of this grew the systematic persecution of strike-breakers by a special "entertainment committee." The next stage was to concentrate attention on the destruction of the employers' property. Contractors who had all but completed a bridge by non-union labor would find it one morning reduced to scrap iron by dynamite. Operating, as a rule, on borrowed capital, they found it prudent, before undertaking any further job, to come to terms with the union. Dynamite, it appeared, paid. Explosions multiplied by the score; the union grew, until some seventy-five per cent of the men engaged in the erection of steel structures belonged to it, and its example spread to other unions that proceeded to borrow the ironworkers' dynamiters for use in their own disputes.

The leaders of the Iron-workers' Union forgot, of course, that violence, so far as it is effective at all, is effective only for the moment; that one crime breeds another, and a greater one; and that the ultimate load of guilt crushes the organization in whose interests the crimes have been committed. The rise and fall of the Western Federation of Miners should have

served them as a warning. But American industrialism has not yet grasped the final futility of brute force. The first and most natural step taken by an employer who is threatened with a strike is to build a stockade round his works, to lay in a supply of cots, rifles, and food, and to import a gang of professional strike-breakers. He expects war, prepares for it, and gets it. The unions, even if they are not the first to issue the challenge, are by no means behindhand in replying to it. There are, no doubt, some strikes which cannot be won by peaceful methods. It would be difficult, for instance, to imagine the employees of a street-car company succeeding in a strike if they refrained from molesting the "scabs" and from interfering with the running of the cars. No strike among the draymen and teamsters in any large American city has yet been carried to a prosperous issue without violence. But the widespread and almost instantaneous recourse of American strikers to rioting, bloodshed, arson, the destruction of property, and the rifle, cannot be explained on any ground of tactical necessity. It is a madness that is in the air. Nothing is more easily demonstrable than that the most peaceful and conservative unions are also, in the long run, the strongest and the most influential. There are many such unions, even in America. The printers, the cigar-makers, and the railwaymen have all learned the wisdom of curbing the hotheads in their ranks; and the miners are beginning to learn it, too. But, in general, the United States is still the land where a strike is most likely to develop into a species of civil war, and where both Capital and Labor are the readiest to rely on sheer terrorism.

To what is this disquieting phenomenon due? At bottom, we believe, to the parody of a social conscience possessed by the average American employer, and

displayed, perhaps, at its worst when the unit of employment is a gigantic Trust. A certain carelessness of human life is inherent in the American atmosphere; but even the American is not naturally a maiming and dynamiting animal. What is it, then, that has brought the ordinary trade unionist to a state of mind where the murder or crippling of a blackleg seems a legitimate act of self-defence, and where the use of dynamite as an instrument of industrial persuasion is tacitly condoned? We must look for some answer at least in the capitalist newspapers that openly war against trade unionism, and dispute its fundamental principles. We must look for it in the associations of employers that take their stand on the "open shop," and work unceasingly for the suppression of the unions. We must look for it in the backwardness of sane social and industrial legislation all over the country, in the illicit influence that Capital exercises over politics and the judiciary, in the pedantic formalism of the Courts, in the popular sentiment that rallies unthinkingly to the defence of "property" and "order," with little or no regard for human rights. Organized labor in the United States—immigrant labor, especially—feels itself victimized by the Courts, exploited by the Trusts, and placed under a ban of legal condemnation by public opinion and the legislatures. Labor in England in the early days of trade unionism had very much the same sort of feeling. Thrust outside the law, it inevitably became lawless; and Americans would do well to digest the moral of the Sheffield and Manchester outrages of the 'sixties. English trade unionists, fifty years ago, with public opinion dead against them, with a combination among workmen to bring about a strike treated as a penal conspiracy, and with every economist preaching at them the folly and criminality of strikes, persuaded

themselves that physical force was the only remedy left to them. They used it for a time as brutally as it has ever been used in the United States; they shocked and terrified the country into a thorough consideration of their case. In the same way, the excesses of pre-

The Nation.

ent-day trade unions in America can only be cured by a calm and enlightened opinion operating upon employers and legislators for the removal of the very real and great abuses against which Labor is in violent revolt.

SUBSTITUTES FOR TALENT.

There are many substitutes for talent; some cheap, some dear, and all of them looking very much like the real thing at first sight. Perhaps the commonest of all the substitutes is the habit of concentration. The power to concentrate the mind is an acquirement very hard to come by. To many men it never becomes second nature, but sits always as uneasily as a strait-waistcoat. It is, as a rule, the result of sheer force of will. Within a narrow scope concentration accomplishes so much that it is continually mistaken for talent. It has a great deal, of course, to do with specialization. So for that matter has talent. A man with a gift specializes by instinct. The man with average ability and more than average energy will probably specialize in accordance with his reason and his interest. Except in art one man will probably accomplish as much as the other, at a much greater cost however on the part of the man without talent; good substitutes are composed chiefly of energy, and involve a great expenditure and some sacrifice.

Another very useful substitute for talent is, of course, taste. People often speak as though they were the same thing, or, rather, as though taste were a talent of less than the usual value. Talent, however, involves originality, and taste involves none. A man of taste accomplishes his ends—when he accomplishes anything—by a process of elimination. He knows what not to

do. In literature he often makes a moderate success. He knows how to sift his own work, discarding the rubbish from his output, and leaving no more than is worth having than could be found in the output of an average literary craftsman without special talent or taste, only the average man cannot separate the wheat from the tares. The critical faculty has of course an affinity with talent and simulates gifts of a practical as well as of an artistic nature. Take, for instance, the faculty for governing men—it is a pure gift, though it is often thought to depend upon birth and early surroundings. The man, however, who has lived in the governing class must be stupid if he has learned nothing from what he has seen. He has had every chance to become a critic, and he knows how to avoid offending those over whom he finds himself in authority. He will have no great influence if he has no gift—far less influence than a gifted man without his opportunities of observation may attain to. But the critic knows how to avoid a show of weakness and how to act in a handsome manner. For a long time he may be supposed, and he is likely to suppose himself, to have the real power to rule—a power which has nothing to do with so self-conscious a thing as criticism. The same thing is true of what are called social gifts. The man or woman who has had the chance to acquire what may be called

social taste will for a time succeed far better socially than those who have a natural gift for pleasing their fellows. A gift is a positive thing. It will not save anyone from a mistake. It inspires rather than prevents. The saying that a man who never makes a mistake will never make anything throws a great light upon the difference between taste and talent.

Perhaps the cheapest of all substitutes for talent is quickness in picking up a jargon. Any form of shibboleth is a positive delight to some people. Like a title or a uniform it sets a man apart. It reduces this vast world in which we are such insignificant creatures to a small society in which each member is of importance. A man must have, of course, some knowledge of a subject before he can talk of it in a manner only understood by the initiated. Enough knowledge, however, can usually be picked up by a decently intelligent person, who will give his mind to it, to make him safe from any very dangerous false step. Ordinary people exaggerate greatly the amount of technicality which surrounds and encloses, as they think, every subject about which they know little, and underrate the degree to which common sense—that light of nature in whose glare technicalities fade to nothing—can elucidate every subject. If they realized this they would never confuse the jargon-lover with the man of talent.

Odd as it may seem, mere looks are often mistaken for talent. We do not mean a particular cast of features, which is a gift as much as any talent—we mean a certain expression of face. There is a look of eagerness and intelligence which is perpetually accepted as proof of talent. Very often this look comes of nothing but the wish to please; occasionally it is the outcome of exceptional powers of enjoyment; and more rarely it denotes nothing at all but a hot temper. Anger, pleasure,

and ambition all stimulate the “divine fire,” so far as appearance goes. It is a look of vivacity, and means absence of dulness, but not by any means always presence of any special gift or gifts. Unconventionality of manner, too, is often accepted as a proof of talent. There is a kind of innate eccentricity which comes out in the bearing, and which is supposed to be accompanied by talent. Eccentrics, however, are not often gifted, though they are often very good company. Nature, in making them a little different from other people, has given them, as it were, a gratis advertisement. They get many chances in life and often fill positions which would be better filled by a man of real talent.

Sympathy is continually to be seen serving as a substitute for talent, if we may call anything a substitute which is among the greatest of the qualities of the mind, though it is without creative value. In the sense of compassion sympathy is no doubt a quality of the heart rather than the head, but in its less limited significance it is almost altogether intellectual. One talent may go with much all-round stupidity, but sympathy is never found in a stupid man or woman. On the other hand, it is more often found without definite intellectual gifts than with them, and it accompanies, as a rule, an extremely even distribution of ability. The really sympathetic man shares for the time being the talent of every man of talent with whom he finds himself associated, and it is always by able men that he will be overrated. “What can a brilliant man like So-and-so see in that very unoriginal friend of his?” says the onlooker with no talent to be understood or appreciated or reflected. This substitute for talent is as good as the real article, except that it lacks a certain driving power and that it can only flourish in association. Perhaps sympathy is in itself a talent, and

should be accounted a gift. We are inclined to think that it is more often acquired at the expense of work and attention than is often supposed. It is very much connected with what books of devotion call "detachment": indeed it is, as a rule, the secular side of detachment. The sympathetic mind has an affinity with the religious, though they often diverge very widely in practice.

Now and then one is tempted to wonder if what we generally call gifts are not overrated. Before the God-given thing we call genius we must all, of course, fall down, but talent of a description hardly to be called first-rate

The Spectator.

often brings with it that strange disposition to restless idleness, self-centeredness, and melancholy which is inaccurately described as the artistic temperament. This temperament very often makes it nearly impossible for a man to earn his living. Good abilities, coupled with exceptional energy, are better worth having, and the sympathetic disposition is productive of far more happiness than the artistic. Occasionally when one encounters a talent which seems to sap the general ability, inflate the vanity, and weaken the will, one says to oneself that a single mental gift is sometimes of the nature of a white elephant.

THE CHOICE OF A DOCTOR.

Just as I thought I had begun to understand the provisions of the Insurance Act as it relates to doctors a new complication arose which completely threw me off my balance; and since the things called panels have been heard about I have not understood it at all. I know that this is a confession of bad, or at the best, lazy citizenship. I know that I ought to make a point of mastering every detail of an Act which concerns the welfare, etc. But I have simply to confess that I have not made that point. I have a vague idea that when my servant is ill, instead of my doctor attending him as before, and charging me something less than the half-guinea or guinea for which he condescends to come and feel my pulse, my servant can now command the services of the most distinguished physician in the neighborhood, and that a Harley Street specialist may be summoned to come and attend him, and be paid ninepence or some such insignificant sum by the Government. This I dare say is not strictly accurate; it is more or less a romantic way of

stating the case; but that he will have a choice among several doctors seems certain. And I have been set thinking of this curious affair of choosing a doctor, and what it is that governs one's choice.

I may say at once that I have never yet found the ideal doctor. My indispositions are few and simple, and of a kind for which conscience rather than science indicates the treatment; so my opportunities of choice have been few. And one's choice is rather more limited than appears. I live in a part of Mayfair which is much inhabited by doctors; their plates gleam upon every hand as I walk to my own door. I feel that I would like to try them all, but an inherent sense of loyalty keeps me faithful to one, especially as when he was first called in he had the tact carefully to inquire into my habits, and to explain that none of the things I enjoyed most were bad for me, provided etc. But sometimes unworthy doubts assail me. I wonder whether, by employing some other doctor, I might not enjoy buoyant health without

any moderation at all. And then I look at the brass plates as a child with a shilling to spend looks in at various shop windows, and wonder, supposing I were to make a change, in which quarter my money would be best expended. The mere brass plate or condition of the hall door no longer deceives me. I have seen the shabbiness behind too many smart hall doors to take them as an indication of anything at all except a desire to keep up appearances. Window curtains and the condition of the windows themselves are a much better guide; but all these externals are really fallacious; and there is no safe guide to the choice of a doctor except by actual trial.

And even when we do try a new doctor, how many of us want the same thing from him? If we are really ill of course we want to be made well; but the majority of a doctor's work is attendance on people who are not really very ill at all and to whom his visits are a luxury. I confess that I like extremely to be visited by the doctor. I cherish the thought that a man who has spent years in the arduous and difficult pursuit of exact scientific knowledge is concentrating the whole of his resourceful experience upon me. I feel sure that he cannot fail to be struck by the peculiarity and exceptional interest of my case; and here I may point out that the first duty of a desirable doctor is to appear to be so struck and impressed. If he does not, the awful thought seizes me that familiarity with disease has made him contemptuous of it and that his perceptions are dulled by custom. He may be blind to the vital significance of my symptoms. Nothing therefore that he can do can restore him to my confidence. If I get worse it is through his blunder; if I get well it is owing to the inherent nobility of my constitution. And in either case I inevitably regard him as a man who may be very

well for ordinary, everyday people, but who is unworthy to attend upon me.

Then there is the doctor who takes you too seriously, and he is the most undesirable of all. He forbids you this and that and tells you that you must not smoke at all for three weeks, and also gives you other commands which, as he ought to know, any child would disobey. You do not choose him a second time. Perhaps the most alluring type of doctor is he who flatters you by assuming that you have a scientific knowledge almost equal to his own and who discusses your symptoms, not in insulting language which you can understand, but in the terms which he would employ if he were consulting with a fellow practitioner. He takes you into his confidence as it were. He says, "I am not going to give you medicine because you are quite sensible enough not to believe in it. I have found that a little dry champagne in these cases works wonders; but there is one thing you must on no account touch, and that is sherry." Here he draws a bow, pretty safely, at a venture, hoping that you detest sherry. If, on the other hand, it should have proved to be a really bad shot, and that you really are fond of sherry, he will say, "Very well, then, a glass or two of dry sherry; but, remember, no champagne"! The two tastes hardly ever go together. The ideal doctor will proceed on a system of this kind, but he will, in addition, cure you. That is essential. What one asks from a doctor is, in short, that he will employ the particular kind of manner and method which is most attractive to you, and that he will, in addition, get rid of your ailment. It is asking a good deal, I admit, but one does ask a good deal from doctors; and, to do them justice, one generally gets it.

There is no doubt that the old type of family physician had this great advantage over men of the more modern

school—that he did acquire the knack of approaching every case with a gravity and seriousness, or appearance of gravity and seriousness, which were very reassuring to the patient. Something of the mystic, or at any rate some sense that there is a mystery in the healer's art, was part of the equipment of the old physician. The modern attempt to treat the practice of medicine as an exact science has not been entirely successful. The truth is that healing is an art, and not a science. It is an art of which science is the handmaid, not a science with a little art thrown in. And when this is understood, all the gravity, all the mystery, and all the ritual that accompanied the old "bedside manner" have a certain use and propriety. How wonderful is the sensation of confidence and hope which a really impressive manner, backed by sound knowledge and experience, can inspire in a sick person! You may say that it is the knowledge and experience that effect the cure, and not the manner; and yet we have all known cases in which

The Saturday Review.

the most undeniable attainments, being allied with an awkward, diffident, or unsympathetic manner, have failed to inspire just that degree of confidence that will induce a patient to make the little effort that may be vital to recovery. We all have our superstitions; in the slums it is the exhibition of some black and nauseous draught which inspires the patient with confidence in his doctor's ability; in my case, the draught must be of a little more subtle and delicate kind, and be administered per aurem instead of by the mouth; but the difference is only the difference of composition; the draught or the cachet, the bolus or the linctus, must still be administered. I see that the Government are to make the doctors a certain allowance for the drugs they use; but I fear they will make them no allowance for, and so probably discourage, the use of those more subtle, intellectual applications which give such variety and such pleasure to the experience of being mildly out of sorts.

Filson Young.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A series of lectures at the Bangor Theological Seminary has been developed by Samuel George Smith into a book, "Democracy and the Church." The author attempts, successfully and delightfully, to trace the evolution of modern democracy, its ideals and accomplishments, and discover the part that the Church always has played in each movement for a larger freedom, calling to his aid a wide and scholarly reading. At the end of the volume he decides that "the mission of the church" . . . is not so much institutional as inspirational," but finds that she is now as ever "Everywhere fighting zealously, if not always wisely, in

favor of every good cause, so far as the leaders can discover the issues." His statement of the adaptability of the Roman Catholic Church, even during the middle ages, to each new inspiration is one of the most striking in a thoroughly unbiassed and individualistic study of the social side of the history of the Christian Church. D. Appleton & Co.

The second series of Dean Hodges's "Saints and Heroes" (Henry Holt & Co.) presents compact biographies of leaders in church history and the religious progress of the race since the Middle Ages. The book supplements an earlier vol-

ume which was devoted to saints and heroes from the founding of Christianity to the end of the Middle Ages. The present volume begins with Martin Luther and ends with John Wesley. The intervening chapters relate to Sir Thomas More, St. Ignatius Loyola, Thomas Cranmer, John Calvin, John Knox, Gaspard de Coligny, William the Silent, William Brewster, William Laud, Oliver Cromwell, John Bunyan and George Fox. This list of subjects indicates the catholicity of the author, and the same trait is shown in the way in which they are treated. Not the least remarkable feature of the book, however, is the human interest which Dean Hodges has imparted to these great characters. The biographies are necessarily brief, but they are graphic and well-proportioned, and they will be found interesting and easy reading by readers young or old. A dozen or more portraits illustrate the book.

A book of extraordinary erudition and also of great charm has been written by Prof. James H. Leuba (The Macmillan Company) under the title of "A Psychological Study of Religion." Prof. Leuba states frankly at the outset that he "shows that *the gods of religion are inductions from experience* and are therefore proper objects of science." (The italics are his). Furthermore he goes on to confess frankly that gods, or God, are to him mere subjective realities with no objective correlative. Having thus cleared the way he begins with the "origin of magic and religion"—which he thinks at the beginning very closely related—and rises from the most primitive to the highest forms of spiritual experience. As the last word of present day worship he accepts primitive Christianity, Pantheism, and Buddhism. He rather doubts whether Buddhism is rightfully a religion and is sure that present-day

Christianity is definitely estranged from the principles of its founder. He offers, for any or all of these, the religion of Humanity. His last chapter is the least satisfactory in the book; his religion is too hazy.

While the average Occidental of the autobiography-writing class is undoubtedly wise in waiting until old age before beginning, in Japan, these matters, like so many others, may go by opposites. Certainly, Mr. Yoshio Markino has managed, without leaving his thirties, to make "When I Was a Child" a very delightful volume. His autobiographical handicaps were tremendous. The name of Yoshio Markino is not a household word, nor even, —on this side of the Atlantic, at least,—a medium of exchange at afternoon teas. His command of the English language is one long mutiny. And he avows on the first page that his purpose in writing is to provide "a good material for the psychological professor to solve many theories from it." But the first chapter reveals a personality so irresistibly naive and humorous that there is no need of appealing to "Who's Who" to justify the book's existence; then the fate of one's native language in his hands begins to take on that fearful interest with which one watches a conjurer break eggs into a new hat and turn them into rabbits and guinea-pigs; and as for the psychological professor, he would surely find that his enjoyment of the book was due more to his common humanity than to his scientific knowledge. Not that it does not deserve any serious consideration—Mr. Markino has lived a varied life: at five, studying the ancient philosophies with his father; at fifteen, studying Christianity in a mission school; at twenty, washing dishes and scrubbing windows in San Francisco; and at thirty-five, a successful artist in London; and he has lived it philosophically as well as humor-

ously. There is more than entertainment to be found in his ideas of life, and of Anglo-Saxon civilization and religion. But the best of all is just the mixture of laughableness and likableness that makes the reader turn so often to the excellent portrait that forms the frontispiece of the book. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. F. Weiten Kampf's "American Graphic Art" is one of those books which, once published, instantly become indispensable to students of its subject, and to all persons acquainted with the value of works of reference. In the very modest "Word of Explanation," which serves him as a preface, Mr. Weiten Kampf mentions the present absolute lack of any similar American work, although there is more than one recent history of American sculpture and painting. The late S. R. Koehler and Mr. Weiten Kampf collaborated in writing the American section of a German four-volume history of contemporary reproductive art, published in Vienna less than twenty years ago, and in the present book the surviving author reviews the whole subject, not in strict historical order, and not including all artists, but aiming to bring out the most striking and original characteristics of each period, and of each type of artist. Etching, line and stipple, mezzotint, aquatint, wood-engraving of the old and new schools, the wood-engravings done by painters, and lithography, are considered in turn, and separate chapters are given to the illustrators of books and magazines, to caricature, to the comic paper, to the book plate, and to various miscellaneous varieties of applied graphic art from business cards to posters. Some forty specimens of the different species of work described furnish means for the novice's more thorough understanding of the text, and revive interesting memories in the minds of those to whom the whole topic is fa-

milliar. A good index facilitates reference, and increases the value of the book especially as part of a library, and, more particularly, of a school library. In these days of text books illustrated by reproductions of the best works, a child may be simultaneously instructed in art, literature, and history, and given a competent teacher, this volume may be contrived to pay this triple debt. Mr. Weiten Kampf and his publishers equally deserve congratulation. Henry Holt & Co.

Two more volumes,—the seventh and eighth—have been added to "The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson," now published for the first time, and edited by Edward W. Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. They cover the years 1845-48 and 1849-55 respectively, and together carry Emerson from the age of 41 to 52. These were important years in his life: he was busy preparing and delivering lectures, a task which he did not enjoy, for the larger the audiences which gathered to hear him, the less was he pleased; he visited England, and renewed his acquaintance with Carlyle, and gathered the material which later was published in his "English Traits"; and he passed through painful experiences of personal grief and pecuniary loss. They were momentous years in the nation's life; marked by the Texas annexation, the war with Mexico, the increasing anti-slavery agitation, and the gathering of the forces which found their climax a few years later in the Civil War. Both the personal experiences and the national events find their place in these records; and with them are mingled reflections upon life and philosophy, upon art and letters, upon conduct and duty, upon personal idiosyncrasies and national tendencies,—sometimes serious and sometimes whimsical and humorous. He jotted down in his Journals whatever came into his mind or passed

under his observation; and, so far as public events were concerned, his attitude was that of an observer rather than a participant; yet he was capable of warming into vigorous indignation over such an incident as the forcible ejection of Samuel Hoar from South Carolina as an abolitionist "undesirable," or what he regarded as the betrayal of the North by Daniel Webster. Many of the passages quoted were afterward expanded in his lectures; and bits of irregular and spontaneous verse which appear here and there were later wrought out into more finished forms. In a sense, we have here some of his books in the making; but, what is more important and more beguiling, we have most intimate glimpses of Emerson's inner self, his processes of thought, and his deepest convictions. The volumes are illustrated with portraits of Emerson at the age of 43, of Channing, of Carlyle, of Margaret Fuller and of Charles King Newcomb,—the last a friend of whom Emerson writes with extravagant warmth, but whose name most readers will encounter for the first time in these pages. One sighs for an Index to these full and rich volumes: but the place of an Index is very nearly supplied by the detailed summaries which are prefixed to the several groups of extracts from the Journals. Houghton Mifflin Company.

There are a host of questions about the dramatic art which not only the would-be playwright but the play-goer who feels a vital interest in the subject desires to have answered. William Archer has framed anew and answered these questions in his last book, a manual of craftsmanship, which bears the simple title "Play-Making." A number of books already discuss the technique of the drama, and volumes of dramatic criticism exist, most of which cannot be comprehended by the stu-

dent who is not far advanced, or by the general reader. The present work thus supplies a need of long standing, and gives the reader a sense of satisfaction with its authoritativeness and simplicity. It considers the structure of a play from the choosing of the theme to the completed whole, touching not only upon the skeleton of the plot and the arrangement of events into acts and scenes, but also upon character drawing and dramatic psychology. Mr. Archer's attitude throughout is well-balanced; he emphasizes everywhere the necessity of the playwright's bearing in mind a normal, average audience, rather than considering dramatic expression as existing for its own sake. A most interesting chapter is that in which Mr. Archer combats the conventional definition of drama, i. e. as a struggle of the human will against obstacles. He claims that this does not characterize drama in distinction from other forms of fiction, for according to this standard Robinson Crusoe might be called a drama. Rather, Mr. Archer finds the essence of drama to be crisis, and that drama is the art of crisis as the novel is the art of gradual development. Technical discussion is everywhere vitalized by concrete examples. Each reference is made clear, so that if the reader happens not to be familiar with the play cited, the point is not obscured. Ibsen and Shakespeare are the dramatists most drawn upon for illustrative material because they are the most generally accessible. A great deal of dramatic criticism is thus to be found in the book, but it is clearly indicated that this material exists not for its own sake but to elucidate the theories advanced. Every student of the drama will find this a handy desk book, and the play-goer will have his pleasure increased and his understanding broadened by its perusal. Small, Maynard & Co.